

TWENTY CENTS

FEBRUARY 23, 1954

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chetopov

ROSEMARY CLOONEY

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NO. 1, 1954

VOL. 1, NO. 8

Bewitching

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RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Your car may have started in that hole in the ground

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

METAL things you see every day—cars, stoves, refrigerators—get their start here. It's an iron ore mine—one of the largest in the country.

But getting the ore out of the deep pit was once a big problem. At first, they used railroad cars. But as the mine got deeper, this was too slow, expensive.

They wondered if there was a conveyor belt made that would be strong enough to haul the heavy loads. Then B. F. Goodrich engineers told the mine owners about the B. F. Goodrich cord belt. Unlike the usual conveyor belt, made of rubber and layers of fabric, this improved BFG belt is made of individual cords each imbedded in rub-

ber. It has all the flexibility of rubber yet has hundreds of cords to give strength and load-carrying power. Where crashing blows might tear other belts, the B. F. Goodrich cords-in-rubber can "give", and so take up the shock and spring back into position.

In 1944, BFG cord belts were installed in that long runway you see in the picture. Up to now, they've already carried 19 million tons. And the belts are standing up so well to the jagged chunks of ore that engineers estimate they will reach an age of 14 years, and carry a record-breaking 30 million tons.

The cord conveyor belt is typical of

B. F. Goodrich product improvement. Other BFG improvements have resulted in grommet V belts that last 20 to 50% longer, rubber linings which reduce the cost of handling acid and at the same time protect workers from injury—and hundreds of other products that last longer, serve better. To take full advantage of these many and frequent improvements, call in your BFG distributor or write *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY

How the \$5 Day changed the

BACK in the days of the sixty-hour week, most workers walked home on tired legs. The average day's pay in industry generally was \$1.75.

Times were poor, late in 1913. Many industries were in depression. Then on New Year's morning, 1914, Henry Ford called his executives together in a room in the Highland Park plant. For years Ford had figured out sums and engine sketches on wood shingles that he picked up in the shop—but now there was a big improvement: a large wall blackboard.

He wrote on the board the minimum Ford wage standards: \$2.34 for a nine-hour day. He tossed down the chalk and said: "Figure out how much more we can give our men."

The Ford executives worked all day, cautiously adding 25¢ an hour, and then another 25¢. Every so often Ford walked back in, said: "Not enough," and walked out. Finally they had doubled the basic pay—up to \$4.80 a day.

One man snapped: "Why don't you make

it \$5 a day and bust the company right?"

"Fine," said Henry Ford. "We'll do that." The Master Mechanic of Detroit was not being foolishly generous. He had a solid philosophy which he wanted to dramatize. He believed that men did better work in shorter hours; he believed that if they had more money they could buy more things, and one of the things they were sure to buy was an automobile. History shows his intelligent selfishness paid off.

The news broke on the morning of January 6—and the working-man's world was changed forever. The new minimum wage, "even for the worker who sweeps the floor" would be \$5 a day; and for the first time in history the working-day was to be fixed at eight hours.

This was thunderbolt news—one of the great news stories of all time. That very day workmen all over the United States kissed their wives good-bye and promised to send for them. Cottonpickers headed north; Serbians rushed to apply for American passports, Ger-

mans headed for the boat-docks in Hamburg.

Most newspaper editors thought Henry Ford was crazy. He had "upset the whole social structure"; he "would be broke in a year." Cartoonists showed factory sweepers in fur coats and cigars, descending majestically from chauffeur-driven limousines to pick up their brooms. Clergymen around the world blessed Henry Ford.

This bold stroke gave a great push to the emancipation of the American workingman from the old Nineteenth Century ideas. The \$5 Day was truly one of the great milestones on the American Road—the fifty-year-long pathway down which we have come from the America that was to the America that is,

*Fifty Years
Forward
on The
American Road*



WHEN A WARTIME SOVIET MISSION visited the Rouge plant, one of the Commissars looked at the enormous parking lot and sneered: "Ah! The capitalist



world

through the great progressive social force of the automobile and its pioneers such as Henry Ford.

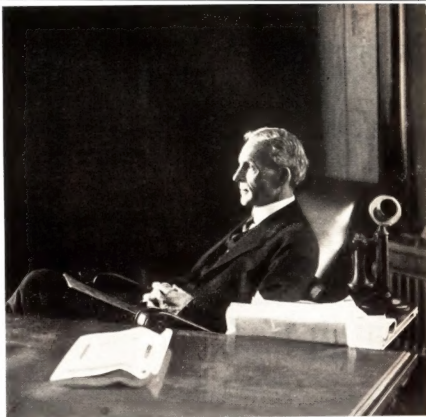
Today the 16,000 workers of 1914 have become more than 156,000. The Ford daily wage has increased from \$5 to an average of more than \$16 a day, and this does not include such basic benefits as pensions, insurance, paid vacations, paid holidays and so forth. Today, as in 1914, Ford Motor Company is still pioneering in job security for its workers, in an endless search for progress.

To the ideals of the American Road, which symbolize that search, the Ford Motor Company is dedicating itself anew in its Fiftieth Anniversary.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS

FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS



PICTURE of Henry Ford, 50, taken in 1913, two weeks before he announced the \$5 Day.

losses' cars!" No one could convince him that this great sea of automobiles belonged to the 60,000 Ford workers of the Rouge.



She ain't so purty but she's our best gal



When somebody says "railroad," do you think first of big, sleek passenger streamliners?

So do we, sometimes. We're mighty proud of our great S. P. passenger streamliners and our 13,500 miles of scenic routes. But to tell the truth, our first love out here in the West is Frieda the Freight Car. She ain't so purty but she's our best gal.

Why? Because she's mighty important in the economy of the West and because 85.4% of Southern Pacific operating revenues come from freight service. Moving goods is the biggest part of our business. Last year freight revenues on S. P. totaled \$598,218,399—most of which

went right back into wages to spread Western prosperity, new equipment for better service, and taxes to help our country, our eight "Golden Empire" states, and the communities S. P. "lives in."

Yes, even into taxes to build better roads and airports for trucks and planes that compete with us!

Let's put freight another way: Last year, S. P. freight trains traveled more than 35,800,000 miles—equal to nearly 1,500 trips around the earth at the equator. Frieda and her sister cars did a lot of work for the territory we serve in order to earn the revenues we received.

We have a lot of freight cars working for the West and since V-J Day we have received or have on order 50,000 new ones costing \$246,000,000, including 10,215 jointly owned refrigerator cars for Pacific Fruit Express.

So with pardonable pride we think that Frieda's not only our best gal, but also the West's—and the nation's—best gal, too.



A SYMBOL OF SOUTHERN PACIFIC WESTERN PROGRESS



LETTERS

Old Fuds

Sir:
Regarding Alan J. Gould's definition of how old is "old" [TIME Jan. 19; Feb. 9]: we have a pretty good one in the Navy—young studs, old fuds and lieutenant commanders.

F. N. HOWE
Captain, U.S.N.

Minneapolis

Pope or President?

Sir:
Why does TIME claim the office of President of the U.S. of America to be the "highest office in the world?" While realizing that the office of President carries with it tremendous power and responsibility, I should think that the world's highest office is that of the Pope. Pope Pius XII is the leader of more than 400 million people and, as the Vicar of Christ on earth, is surely the most exalted person in the world.

C. E. ALLEN

Bristol, England

The Studebaker Story

Sir:
Orchids to TIME, [Feb. 2] for the Studebaker story! . . . For the first time, you've actually made my mouth water for an American automobile . . .

TRUE A. RICE JR.

Leavenworth, Kans.

Sir:
Studebaker, Vance and Loewy deserve an A for effort but only a B-minus for accomplishment of purpose. When I have need of a

Letter to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois, Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter January 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-speeded editions, Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

Subscription Service: J. E. King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

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Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
February 23, 1953

Volume LXI
Number 8

TIME, FEBRUARY 23, 1953



Radar fire control systems for the Navy's guns



Electronic controls for guided missiles



Radar bombing systems for the Nation's planes



Automatic firing controls for anti-aircraft guns

For Safety...Security...Defense

The Bell Telephone Laboratories, the Bell System's research organization, and the Western Electric Company, its manufacturing unit, have been called upon to handle more than a hundred projects for the U. S. Department of Defense. (Four are shown above.) The projects cover research, development, engineering and manufacture, including the very important Sandia, New Mexico, project for the Atomic Energy Commission. Today, as always, the unique skills, experience and teamwork of Bell System people are at the service of the Nation.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM ... Local to serve the community. Nationwide to serve the Nation.



To a motorist worried about operating costs in his car

Are you getting too little mileage from the gasoline you buy? Is your car sluggish on hills—slow on the pick-up? Are you getting too many repair bills?

Then these facts will interest you:

1. Automotive engineers tell us that at 40 miles per hour on a level road, 50% of your gasoline is used up just in overcoming engine friction. Think of that.

2. Anything that reduces that friction will make your car go faster or farther, or climb a steeper hill.

3. Hundreds and hundreds of cars like yours have been tested on a Dynamometer—the testing machine accepted by the automobile industry.

4. These tests showed that motorists get an average of 8% more power from the same amount of gasoline after they have changed from whatever brand of oil they have been using to Macmillan Ring-Free Oil.

5. At 25¢ a gallon for gasoline, that 8% means a saving of 2¢.

6. Over a normal period between oil changes, that means a \$2.00 saving.

7. That \$2.00 is enough to pay for a refill with Macmillan Oil.

8. That 8% also means 20 extra miles on every tankful of gas.

9. While it's reducing friction, Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil also reduces deposits of carbon, gum and sludge in the engine.

10. That means higher compression.

11. Better piston seal.

12. Less likelihood of ping.

13. Lower, less frequent repair bills.

14. Uses less oil.

The big red "M" is your guide to the independent service station, garage or car dealer where you will find Macmillan.

Macmillan
President

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Address _____

back seat or luggage space, I use my year-old Studebaker; when I want to enjoy driving, I use my M.G. . . . I would gladly settle for a single car, priced under \$3,000, that would combine family-car utility with sports-car handling and performance . . .

It is well known that enthusiasts differ warmly as to what, exactly, a sports car, or even a compromise sports-type car, is. But they agree unanimously that it is something more than a slick body hung on a typical Detroit (or South Bend) chassis that needs \$150 worth of extra equipment to turn the front wheels.

LAWRENCE T. REID

Boston

Sir:

. . . You overlooked [the] sports car designed by Frank Kurtis of Glendale, Calif., builder of the most famous chassis used on midget race cars and for several years on



KURTIS SPORTS CAR

the winning car at Indianapolis. Kurtis is now producing his newest sports car [see cut]. The purchaser may have a selection of Chrysler, Lincoln, Hudson, Mercury, Cadillac or other engines at from \$5,000 to \$6,000 . . .

FLOYD CLYMER

Los Angeles

Backhands Across the Sea

Sir:

As a visiting Briton, resident for the past eight months in the U.S., I am constantly amazed at the almost daily abuse and vilification of Britain and all things British, so evident in both the American press and American manners. Your magazine's counter-criticism of the British press [TIME, Feb. 2] therefore strikes me at best as being a chronic case of the pot calling the kettle black.

L. J. RANKINE

Palisades, N.J.

Sir:

. . . You tend to exaggerate the lily-white coverage of Britain by American newspapers when you do not mention Colonel McCormick and other isolationist papers in this country. Even papers which are not anti-British . . . emphasize how expensive those countries are for us rather than the debt we owe them for holding the line in two wars until we were ready to make our own sacrifices for the world's freedom . . .

KATHERINE ROBERTS

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Percence Mr. [Beverly] Baxter might benefit from a bicycle trip through the good, solid American countryside. There he might find some who would be in a homey, talkative mood, thus imparting to him yet another side of U.S. life . . . If it's conversation he wants, any housewife over here could bring him down to earth in nothing flat. He'd find that a good portion of us are college graduates, as are our husbands. We're usually a family of four with the usual pets. We do our own housework, worry about mortgage payments, food budgets . . . We drive cars

Matchless picture,
tone and beauty



magnificent
Magnavox
television

BETTER SIGHT...BETTER SOUND...BETTER BUY



US? We Eat
in the Kitchen!

YES—members of our executive staff dine with the chef every day. This liaison is not only cordial—but idea stimulating. A guest's casual suggestion today may be on tomorrow's menu. It is another reason why our food and service, like all New Yorker facilities, combine to make this Manhattan's greatest hotel value.

HOTEL
New Yorker
NEW YORK

Frank L. Andrews, President
Gene Voit, General Manager

HOW MUCH HAPPINESS CAN MONEY BUY?

(OODLES!) By Mr. Friendly



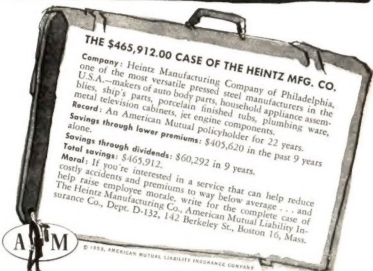
MONEY... I'm just nuts about it,
No ifs, ands or buts about it;
Folding sunshine, good old kale,
Moola, moola, hail oh hail!

Cash and coin and bright mazuma
Put me in the best of humah;
Lettuce, cabbage, long green too...
Lucre, velvet... I love you!

The point is this... if you agree
The sweetest tune is dough re mi!
If every grand seems simply grand
Here's a case you'll understand.

AMERICAN MUTUAL

Service from salaried representatives in 78 offices!
Savings from regular substantial dividends!





Forty unbuilt homes similar to this one designed by architects Anshen & Allen were sold by Palo Alto, California, builder Joseph L. Eichler on the strength of a showing of one model house. Builder Eichler (Eichler Homes) has, over the years, built a lot of houses designed by architects Anshen & Allen. Says Eichler, "I wouldn't think of opening a development without the complete services of competent architects, from tract plan to finished houses."



The value of the Architect

He can help you design an apartment building that's so well planned it makes financing and renting easier—or plan homes of contemporary design that appeal to the mass market.



100% rented before completion! That was the experience of owner Jeremiah S. James with his Sheridan Towers apartment building on Chicago's swank North Sheridan Road. So pleased was James with Sheridan Towers that now he's given architects and engineers Shaw, Metz and Dolio go ahead on a second apartment building.

THE present-day architect is much more than the designer of modern buildings.

Take the case of the new Sheridan Towers apartments (picture at left) in Chicago. Today a project of this kind depends upon such intricate financing that a careful cost analysis must be run on every feature of the building.

Or in the words of Jeremiah S. James, owner of Sheridan Towers: "Before you can even think of building, you must know costs down to the last penny to get financing. Shaw, Metz and Dolio figure this way—and now I wouldn't be without such services."

For the case of the contemporary mass-produced homes that sold before they were built, see photo caption above.

Today the architect's concept of his job has so broadened that designing a good-looking building is but one phase of his responsibility. Real estate and construction problems, the increasing importance of air conditioning and lighting, selection of materials, the desirability of choosing the right sort of community—these and other similar considerations are important to him.

The modern architect has kept pace with all these developments, is the ideal "captain" to recruit and head a team of engineers and specialists who will spare you the trouble of expensive afterthoughts.

So, the next time you're thinking of building or remodeling, call in an architect at the earliest planning stage. And keep him with you until the job is completed.

It's a good move that saves you money.

The Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company is publishing this advertisement in the interest of the architects of America. Because they, like Honeywell, are continuing to help America live better, work better.

Honeywell contributes to this effort by producing the very finest automatic controls for heating, ventilating and air conditioning homes and commercial buildings; for industrial processing; for ships, planes, trains and buses.

The EASY WAY

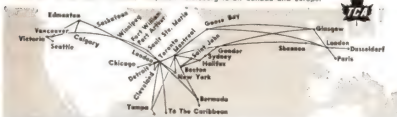
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THE NEW DRINK SENSATION

GIN and QUINAC

Long, tall, different...

Deliciously dry...

Easy to make!

Quinac

by CANADA DRY

Admiral

21" TV COMBINATION



Model 322DX16A

Ugh! Trade small set for heap big 21' Admiral TV

SEE WALT DISNEY'S 'PETER PAN' MOVIE

Highland's latest—and this time (glory be!) unsuccessful—attempt to strangle progress in the old home town.

KERMIT HOLT

Glenview, Ill.

Sir:

I am rather positive that I speak for untold thousands when I say thank you for your story on Publisher Highland of *Clarksburg, W. Va.* I feel violates every legitimate concept of journalism, and dissipates its ethics in one broad, selfish sweep.

HAROLD McWHORTER

Weston, W.Va.

Sir:

Your article stirred up quite a tempest in our city. . . . The whole town was seething with rage! The local radio stations announced from time to time where copies of *TIME* could be obtained. On a radio program for the March of Dimes, 1,000 copies were offered to people who contributed to the charity and claimed their copy. In short, your magazine turned the town upside down! . . . It will be almost impossible for you to realize the caliber of this service to the populace here, or the magnitude of the words "thank you" which have echoed through the town.

H. E. ("GENE") HAMMOND

Clarksburg, W.Va.

The Heart of Texas

SIR:

TIME'S FEB. 9 STORY ON DALLAS' \$12.5 MILLION-AIRPORT BOND ISSUE IS INTERESTING BUT INACCURATE, AND UNFAIR TO BOTH FORT WORTH AND DALLAS. DALLAS ADOPTED AIRPORT MASTER PLAN IN 1946 AND LOVE FIELD IMPROVEMENTS ARE PART OF THAT PLAN. IT IS BASED ON COLD, SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS OF AIRPORT NEEDS OF DALLAS AREA AND OF THE ADVANTAGES OF A CONVENIENTLY LOCATED CLOSE IN AIRPORT. . . . THIS ANALYSIS WAS CONFIRMED IN 1952 BY A STRICTLY OBJECTIVE SURVEY [INTERVIEW] SHOWS BOTH EXPANDED LOVE FIELD AND FORT WORTH'S NEW AIRPORT WILL HAVE ALL THE ADVANTAGES OF AN IDEAL IN 1950. . . . DALLAS-FORT WORTH AREA IS ONE CONTINUOUS METROPOLITAN DISTRICT WITH 3,000,000 RESIDENTS. DALLAS OPERATES PRESENTLY 50 PERCENTAGE OF COMBINED TOTAL AIRLINE PASSENGERS. SO NATURALLY WE DEMAND MOST CONVENIENT POSSIBLE AIRPORT FACILITIES.

AMERICAN AIRLINES IS MOVING ITS REGIONAL OPERATING BASE FROM FORT WORTH TO MEADOW LANE FIELD TO THE NEW FORT WORTH AIRPORT. IT IS ALSO EXPECTED TO REDUCE FORT WORTH'S FLIGHTS FORMERLY SCHEDULED THERE BY DISCONTINUING ROUTES TO MEATHAM WAS INADEQUATE FOR SUCH OPERATIONS. IT HAD NOT ANNOUNCED REMOVAL OF ANY LOCAL FIELD OPERATIONS. DALLAS DESIRES AIRPORT WITH FORT WORTH.

STANLEY MARCUS

CHAIRMAN, AIRPORT COMSITTEE, DALLAS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The Hand of State

SIR:

You may be interested to know that the signature of John Foster Dulles (*TIME* Feb. 2) reveals a brilliant, clever, as compared to Dean Acheson, the brilliant, covert, Secretary Dulles' high, straight-lined, stylized original capital letters indicate self-assurance and the ability to cope with his problems. . . . The fluent illegibility of his other letters with their rounded formation and slightly forward slant shows a swift, uninhibited mentality combined with amiability.

MURIEL STAFFORD

Granite, Conn.

The Best of References

It was too bad that Mary and Paul Westley never had any children of their own, because there was nothing in the world they wanted more. They lived in a fair-sized house down on Maple Street and Paul kept moving up to better and better jobs with his company. They knew a great many people in town and went out a lot, but they began to suspect that it was

mostly to keep from thinking about the one empty spot in their lives.

They'd been married about nine or ten years when they got to talking seriously about adopting a child. They'd spoken of it from time to time before, but now they were really in earnest. So much so that they started the wheels in motion.

It was not, they discovered, a simple matter. You don't just walk into a place and say, "We'd like a nice, cuddly boy with blue eyes and light hair, please," and walk out with him bundled in your arms. Mary and Paul found that they look into your background and your way of living very carefully. You have to have the best of references. Because they want to make sure their child will have the very next best thing to parents of his own—and a home in which he'll be happy.

Paul and Mary Westley asked several people in town to vouch for them. They wrote nice letters saying that Paul and Mary were fine people, which was true enough.

But Al Barnett went a step farther, as the Westleys discovered later. He went to see the adoption representative and after he explained the purpose of his visit he said, "I've known Paul Westley for something over fifteen years, both as a friend and as his New York Life agent. And I know that Paul is not merely con-

cerned with the business of day-to-day living, but has made some sound, solid plans for the long-range future as well.

"Paul believes in life insurance and has long since set up a program with my company that will take care of almost any eventuality. You can be sure that any child the Westleys adopt will be well provided for."

Whether or not that conversation was a deciding factor that clinched the matter, no one knew. At any rate, in the course of time Paul and Mary became known as Dad and Mom to a little toddler who soon was riding his tricycle up and down Maple Street with the rest of the kids on the block.

They named him Lawrence Westley, and he grew up just in time to serve in the Marines during the last war. He finished college when he got back.

One of these days when you're looking up a number in the telephone directory, you might just leaf through the W's for a moment. You'll still see Westley, Mary, on Maple Street with the same listing she has had for the ten years since Paul Westley died. But there's a new listing in the book now that reads Westley, Lawrence, atty. atc, 200 Main, SPing 7-1957. They put it in the directory only last fall.

The listing is in the usual small print, but it looks mighty big to Mary Westley. Yes, and to Al Barnett, too.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



How's Business?

Frigidaire "Packaged Cooling" can make your business better!

More and more business men are discovering every day how Frigidaire Air Conditioning and Refrigerating equipment can cut costs, increase sales, improve manufacturing processes, and speed up production. No matter what *your* business or *your* cooling problems, Frigidaire has the answer in its

broad line of packaged units. Before you invest in custom made, costly installations, it will pay you to investigate the advantages of this dependable, efficient equipment. Call in your Frigidaire representative . . . it won't cost a cent, and it may save you hundreds of dollars.



Do you operate a food store?

Certainly efficient refrigeration is a basic fundamental for your business. Every need you have for cold-making equipment can be filled, and filled best, with Frigidaire. Everything from cooling for giant walk-in coolers to self-service cases for ice cream and frozen food . . . from air

conditioning units to compressors. Every unit is designed with you in mind—built to increase your sales and protect your profits with extra service, dependability, and performance that has no equal anywhere. All from one source of supply—backed by one manufacturer.



Self-Contained
Air Conditioners



Room Air
Conditioners



Ice Cream
Cabinets



Frozen Food
Display Cases



Water Coolers



... run a factory?

Look to Frigidaire for the most outstanding and dependable water coolers, air conditioning, process cooling, and low temperature cabinets. Here is the pace-setting engineering that gives positive assurance of increased efficiency, better quality control, and greater production throughout your plant. Here is knowledge and skill to assure lowest initial cost and with lowest operating costs.



... run a soda fountain?

Now Frigidaire offers an ideal successor to crushed and flaked ice with a new Frigidaire Ice Cube Maker that produces tiny ice "cubelets" automatically... they cool drinks better and save dollars every day. Frigidaire Ice Cream Cabinets, Reach-In Refrigerators, Beverage Coolers and fountain refrigeration assure continuous, fast, efficient service for more satisfied customers.



... or run an office?

No more summer drag and slow-down! Have plenty of cold drinking water at hand with Frigidaire Water Coolers. And Frigidaire air conditioning will bring cool, stimulating comfort to your offices, window by window, room by room, or floor by floor, depending on your needs.



... or a restaurant?

Building, modernizing or replacing equipment—turn your cooling problems over to Frigidaire. One source offers everything you need for food preservation, beverage cooling, ice cubes, air-conditioned comfort—all adding up to faster, better service and more profitable operations.



Reach-In
Refrigerators



Ice Cube and
Cubelet Makers



Frigidaire

The most complete line of refrigeration and air conditioning products in the industry

Your Frigidaire Dealer will be glad to show you how science, business and industry use Frigidaire-packaged products to save time and increase profits. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages of the phone book. Or write, Frigidaire Division of General Motors, Dayton 1, Ohio. In Canada: Toronto 13, Ontario.

Roll up those Blueprints

... HERE'S THE ANSWER
TO YOUR EMPLOYEE
HOUSING PROBLEM



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MISCELLANY

Small Change. In Alzey, Germany, Friedrich Bauer was sentenced to ten weeks in jail for buffing the fuzz off gooseberries and selling them for grapes.

Tooth & Nail. In Rapid City, S. Dak., John Spalla, who said he had just wanted to save on dentist bills, was charged with assault & battery after he tied his wife's hands behind her, pried open her mouth with a screwdriver and tried to pull her teeth with a pair of pliers.

Carhop. In Lima, Ohio, when Andrew Moseley got out of his car to inspect the damage after a collision, a stranger slipped in behind the wheel, drove away.

Calling Card. In San Francisco, police had little difficulty picking up William Gene Hoffman for attempted burglary when they found his picture and fingerprint on half of an identification card he had used trying to jimmy open an apartment door.

Reveille. In Memphis, Mrs. Raphe Dumas shook her sound-asleep husband awake to tell him that a wild-running automobile had just knocked their house off its foundations.

Military Gesture. In Albuquerque, Judge Findlay Morrow, dismissing charges against a soldier, ruled that it was not disorderly conduct for him to stick his tongue out at a scolding policeman.

Choice of Weapons. In Columbus, Ohio, the state wildlife division announced the hunting record for 1952: hunters shot 425 bucks; automobiles killed 547 bucks, does and fawns.

Homework. In Oklahoma City, as Detective L. L. Filson took down the description of a fugitive on his home telephone, he glanced out the window and saw the fugitive walking by, stepped out the front door and arrested him.

Small Alarm. In Charlestown, Mass., when a fire trapped Mr. & Mrs. Michael McCarthy in their third-floor bedroom, he pitched an alarm clock through the bunkroom window of a firehouse 40 feet away to arouse firemen.

Pulling Power. In Wampsville, N.Y., attendance at the Presbyterian Church tripled after someone unknown to the church elders placed an ad in the Oneida Dispatch: "Wanted: men, women and children to sit in slightly used pews, Sunday mornings. Wampsville Presbyterian Church."

At First Blush. In Wichita, Kans., officials declared a one-day moratorium on the usual traffic tickets which lead to fines, instead had policemen pass out tickets chiding errant motorists in bold red letters: "Shame on you!"



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Should've seen me
a few weeks ago... tired, flat
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to sleep AND sleep. And I did!
First morning out I didn't
get up 'til noon. And
NOBODY to bother me!



Discovered, too, the ship
had electric baths and that the
athletic director knew his job
as a masseur. Put myself
gratefully into his hands.



I got up on deck, followed the
laughter and there was the pool...
and people having fun in
the bright sunshine. It looked
mighty good to me... and
a few brisk plunges gave life
a brighter glow!



Eureka!... discovered I could
still make a ping-pong ball
do its stuff... and that
shuffleboard hadn't changed in
twenty years... and, first thing
I knew mama had me out dancing
the hat dance! Didn't get
out of breath either.



Then I discovered the gymnasium,
the electric horse and a
couple of other gadgets.
Suddenly discovered I had
muscles I'd forgotten about.



Then mealtime. Ah, the joys
of a healthy appetite... and it
wasn't just the wonderful food
either. A lot of it was the
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and I was fit to live with again!

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You were a double-jack champ if you could drill 3 inches a minute!

Once hand drills and sledges mined the metals America needed; and men never dreamed that their great-grandchildren would be looking hard for more raw materials. But that's just what is happening!

They say that the legendary Paul Bunyan used to hide in a canyon on the days the double-jack teams held their contests in Butte, Montana. For these men were so strong the clang from their sledges shook the earth for miles around. They owned the earth and didn't care who knew it.

Had you told these drillers that in their lifetime America would be using

thousands of tons of copper a day and that our then rich and boundless natural resources would ever be pinched to meet the fantastic needs of 155 million people—they'd have said that you were crazy.

But it has happened. We have come quite suddenly upon a turning point in American history, for since 1940 the United States has been using many

raw materials more rapidly than they are being produced within the borders of this country.

How can it be? It is very simple. Electricity, automobiles, plumbing, radio, television, air travel—all have come at an astonishing speed to a population that has grown like no other on earth in size and wealth. And on top of this have come two great

world wars that literally shot away fantastic amounts of America's metals.

How this Problem can be Solved

This does not mean that we are actually running out of metals. It means, rather, that a new importance has been given to the job of obtaining metals in quantities far greater than were formerly required. To this end, the metals industry must take three forward steps. We must produce more metals here at home. We must increase our imports. And we must discover new and more efficient ways to use and conserve the metals that we have.

These jobs are being done. Many metal companies are expanding in one or more of the three directions indicated. Anaconda has new projects underway to meet all three objectives. On this page you will see some of the actions that Anaconda is taking. These projects, and those that other metal companies have underway, will help decide the future pace of American progress.



IT TAKES MODERN MINE EQUIPMENT to produce ores in the huge quantities our country needs. This modern three-boom "jumbo," each boom carrying a pneumatic rock drill, is drilling into a vein of zinc ore at Butte—a far cry from the oldtime "double-jack" teams! A program is underway to enable Anaconda to increase zinc production from its own mines by 50% over that of 1951.

DRILLING CONTEST IN 1907: On holidays, Butte miners would gather to see who could drill faster and farther into a block of granite. Teams were made up of two men each, who took turns striking and twisting the drill. When striking, the hammer man wielded an eight-pound sledge hammer, popularly called a double-jack, and the twister turned the drill in the hole between successive blows. All-time champ was Walt Bradshaw, whose team drilled 55 inches in 15 minutes! But today we are using as much copper in a week as the whole country mined the year Edison invented the incandescent lamp; the result is a new problem for Americans.



HITHERTO UNTREATED SULPHIDE ORES from Anaconda's great open-pit copper mine in Chile are now being processed in the new plant at Chuquibambilla. The new smelter is in the final stages of construction. Until November, 1952, only oxide ores had been treated. The sulphide project, coupled with continued operation of the oxide plant, will bring the ultimate output here to more than 500,000,000 pounds of copper a year.



EXAMPLE OF EFFICIENCY is this Buffalo Mill of The American Brass Company, an Anaconda fabricating subsidiary. This Sendzimir mill, the last word in equipment for finish-rolling brass strip, operates as fast as 1000 ft. per minute. It helps produce the heaviest continuous non-welded coils obtainable—each weighing up to 2400 lbs. Longer continuous coils mean greater efficiency, less waste for America's manufacturers.

Anaconda is building to provide more metals

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

Back in the days when Farouk was Egypt's king, almost any reference in *TIME* to Egyptian politics became an automatic candidate for the censor's scissors. *TIME* was banned in Egypt for half of 1948 and most issues in 1949 had stories snipped out. The cover story on Farouk (*TIME*, Sept. 10, 1951) was not allowed to enter Egypt, and stories in subsequent issues were cut out of the magazines before *TIME* was released for distribution.



All this changed abruptly with last July's military coup, which resulted in Farouk's exile. General Mohammed Naguib showed himself to be just as sensitive to criticism as his predecessor, but less determined to censor criticism from abroad. After Naguib became a cover subject himself (*TIME*, Sept. 8), Correspondent Dave Richardson brought him a copy of the story. Entitled "A Good Man," the story told of the general rise of Naguib to power.

The story read it during a break in an all-night meeting with his Army Committee, scribbled in his comments and returned it to Richardson. One line in the story seemed to have found Naguib's Achilles' heel. Comparing him with Turkey's Kemal Ataturk, the story read: "Naguib, a simpler man, lacks



Ataturk's grasp of politics, his vision, his rousing oratory; he may also lack his iron will to rule." Naguib had crossed out these words and had scribbled in the

margin: "How did you know all this? It is not true." As if to prove his will of iron, the following day Naguib rounded up and jailed opposing politicians, requested the resignation of Premier Aly Maher and became Prime Minister himself.

About three months later, Richardson and *TIME*'s part-time Cairo correspondent, Mohammed Wagedi, visited Naguib to present him with Ernest Hamlin Baker's original cover portrait. When Richardson reminded him of their earlier meeting, Naguib grinned broadly, bent over to autograph a copy of the *TIME* cover for Richardson with the words: "I am grateful to *TIME* for ever." Naguib then told *TIME*'s correspondents that he intended to stay in power until Egypt had reached a point where the policies he had begun would be carried on of their own momentum.

Last month Naguib's approval of *TIME* seemed to be spreading to his countrymen. At the four-day celebration of the first half year of his reign,

Naguib announced to a Cairo crowd his plan for a three-year dictatorship. During the parade that followed, the crowds passed shop windows which featured reproductions of Baker's painting of Naguib—blown up to twice the size of the original.

A continent's width away, Johannesburg Correspondent Alexander Campbell found a somewhat less enthusiastic welcome. After gathering most of the on-the-spot research for the cover story on Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the Gold Coast (*TIME*, Feb. 9), he wrote us a long letter, describing his troubles with travel, the humid heat, and getting meals and hotel accommodations in the West African country.

Taxicab drivers, reported Campbell, never demanded a specific amount, but asked instead:



"How much do you think it was worth?" That would be a signal for haggling over the price. After that was settled, the driver would request a five-shilling tip (even though the fare may have been only three shillings). The tropical climate had some unexpected results. Campbell found all his airmail envelopes were useless, because the flaps became stuck tight, "while my precious stickers for air-freight packets had melted into a solid block, stiff as a board and quite undetachable." Another product of the weather was the meal schedule: breakfast at 7 a.m., lunch at 2:30 p.m., and dinner, if any, at 10:30 p.m.

On one occasion, Campbell even had some trouble explaining what publication he represented. Said he: "A clip-mustached colonel who took me in hand for the purpose of introductions asked me, in four audible asides as he was taking me from person to person, 'Now, what magazine was it again?'"



Each time, after I had told him, I would find myself shaking hands with someone, only to hear the colonel announce: "The correspondent of *Time & Tide*, donch' know."

While we have had no word of cover portraits appearing in shop windows since the Nkrumah cover came out, it is a safe bet that *TIME* is now a more familiar title in the Gold Coast.

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

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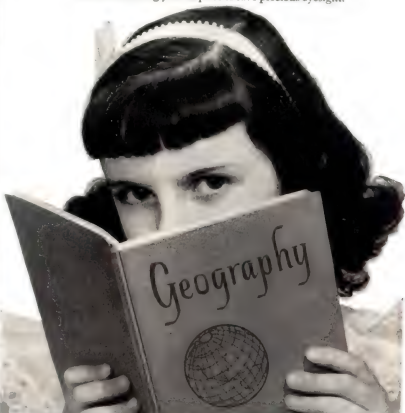
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Rolling Along

The big glass doors of the Executive Wing of the White House are apt to fool a stranger—they open inward, in violation of Washington's fire regulations. In the first weeks of the Eisenhower Administration, the doors rattled constantly, as new hands tried to familiarize themselves with the place. But by last week there was little fumbling at the doors, the President and his staff had shaken down, and the office was ticking competently along.

For the moment, at least, the affairs of state were in such good order that the President found time for the first real relaxation he has had since the inauguration. One day last week, he knocked off for an hour after lunch and whacked golf balls around his backyard, while ex-Sergeant John Mooney, his Negro striker, shagged them. Later in the week, Dwight Eisenhower (who has trouble sleeping if he goes very long without exercise) was able to take his first afternoon off for 18 holes of golf with Omar Bradley, Washington Banker Robert V. Fleming, and Colonel Thomas Belshe, an old friend, at swank Burning Tree Club. Ike's score: "in the low 90s," a poor showing for a golfer who shoots in the low 80s when he is on his game.

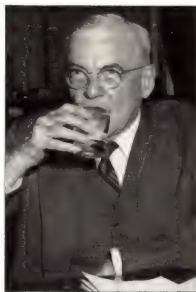
Ike and Mamie continued to resist the blandishments of social Washington, stayed mostly at home (their only outing: a preview of a film on the life of Mahatma Gandhi), but during the week the President asked some more Congressmen to lunch. To their utter surprise, House Democrats were included in the guest list, and the White House announced that eventually every Democrat as well as every Republican in Congress (and Maverick Wayne Morse too) would be invited to one of the frequent luncheons.

The President also:

❑ Signed the second bill of his Administration, a reform measure giving the President powers to revamp the Government.

❑ Accepted the resignation of AEC Commissioner Gordon Dean, who agreed to stay on for three months to break in his successor, still to be named.

❑ Settled his own personal affairs (in line with his stern code on private holdings) by placing his personal fortune (estimated at \$400,000, from sales of *Crusade in Europe*) into an "irrevocable trust" over which he will have no control, sold the herd of 41 Guernseys and



SECRETARY DULLES

A chance and a responsibility.

Holsteins which he and George (Presidents *Who Have Known Me*) Allen held jointly at his Gettysburg farm for an undisclosed sum.

❑ Asked Congress 1) to frame a resolution repudiating all secret agreements made by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman with Communist governments, and 2) to elevate the Federal Security Administration to Cabinet status.

❑ Nominated Samuel Wilder King, 66, to be governor of Hawaii. Republican King, who has Hawaiian blood, was delegate to Congress from the island territory (1935-42), graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy and served as a naval officer in both World Wars.

❑ Appointed C. (for Charles) D. (for Douglas) Jackson, 50, to be his special liaison man with the psychological warfare agencies. Jackson served under Eisenhower in a similar capacity twice before—as deputy head of psychological warfare in the North African campaign of World War II, and again later as psychological warfare chief during the invasion of Normandy. More recently, Jackson has headed the National Committee for a Free Europe and served as a top coordinator on Ike's campaign staff. He resigned as publisher of *FORTUNE* to take the White House job.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Report on Europe

For the second time in a fortnight, John Foster Dulles made a radio & television report to the U.S. people. In his first message, the Secretary of State had frankly warned that the U.S. would have to reconsider its policy of aid to Europe if the Continental neighbors did not unite effectively in their common defense (*TIME*, Feb. 9). Then he had hurried off abroad to look, talk and listen.

Back home again last week, and discoursing conversationally from a Washington television studio, the Secretary gave a summary of what he had found. The U.S.-supported project for a West European army that would include German forces (the European Defense Community) is "not dead but only sleeping . . . There is a good chance that [it] will be brought into being." For the European leaders he had met, and for their difficult problems, Dulles had sympathy and praise: "Men of vision and stature, they look not backward but forward. They see the land of promise that lies ahead, and they desire to move into it."

Dulles took pains to report European misgivings about U.S. leadership: "It is conceded that we have the material power, but it is questioned whether we have the accumulated wisdom to make the best use of that power. They are particularly concerned because they have now to deal with a new Republican Administration, after having worked for 20 years, in war and peace, with a Democratic Administration. To them, as to many Americans, a Republican Administration is a novelty, and the unknown always carries a certain amount of fear . . . Remember," he counseled, "that we do carry a tremendous responsibility. Any false step could mean disaster not only for us but for our friends. Possibly our friends would suffer even more than we ourselves . . . We must be sober and restrained in our national conduct."

But despite his softer tones and more subtle shadings, Dulles was as unshaken as ever in the belief that a workable European defense system is an essential. Said he: "Our effort will not permanently serve Europe, or ourselves, or humanity, unless it fits into a constructive program for European unity. Nothing that the U.S. can do will ever be enough to make Europe safe if Europe is divided into rival national camps."

COMMUNISTS

Mercy and Justice

In the death house at Sing Sing, Julius Rosenberg and his wife Ethel listened intently as the special news bulletin came in over the prison radio: President Eisenhower, after due deliberation, refused to commute their death sentences. The two convicted atom spies were guilty of a hideous crime against mankind, the President said, and they must atone for it with their lives: their crime of giving atomic and other secrets of the first magnitude to Russia "involves the deliberate betrayal of the entire nation, and could very well result in the death of many, many thousands of innocent citizens."

The President's decision was neither

in the Rosenberg case, had asked the President for clemency. In the labyrinthine phrases of *L'Osservatore* (which are all but unintelligible to most Americans), it appeared that the Pontiff had appealed directly to Eisenhower. "As he has mercifully done in other similar cases," said *L'Osservatore*, "so also in this one he has not failed to intervene insofar as it was permitted to him in the absence of any official relations with the competent [U.S.] Government authorities."

In Washington, Archbishop Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate to the U.S., confirmed *L'Osservatore's* story but with a distinctly different accent. The Pope, said Cicognani, had received many messages deploring the Rosenbergs' death sentences. Last December, on orders from

attributed to the differences in political climate between Italy and the U.S. *L'Osservatore* broke Vatican custom by publicizing the Pope's plea for clemency, and it did so immediately after Italy's Communist *L'Unità* (with the largest circulation in Italy) criticized the Pope's failure to intervene on behalf of the Rosenbergs. In all probability, *L'Osservatore* spoke with the critical Italian spring elections in mind, and for that reason reported the papal message as direct intervention.²⁶

This week, as leftists began picketing the White House again for the first time since the inauguration, Manhattan's Judge Irving R. Kaufman solemnly set the date for the Rosenbergs' execution. They must die in the electric chair, he said, during the week of March 9.



Associated Press
EX-ATTORNEY GENERAL MCGRANERY
In Italy, the accent was different.



M. B. Sullivan
APOSTOLIC DELEGATE CICOGNANI

hasty nor capricious. He had carefully considered every detail of the case. He had begun to study the case even before he became President, anticipating that Harry Truman would be unable or unwilling to reach a decision in his last days as President. Dwight Eisenhower's answer all but closed the door of doom on the Rosenbergs. There were still a few desperate delaying actions to be made—and Lawyer Emanuel Bloch might succeed in winning more borrowed time—but the only real opportunity of escape lay with the Rosenbergs themselves. If they broke their long silence—if they confessed the secrets of their spy ring—then the President might consider a new appeal for clemency. But up to now the Rosenbergs have clung to their dark secrets, have shown no flicker of regret.

Two days after the President's decision was announced, the world was startled by another disclosure, from an unexpected source. Pope Pius XII, said *L'Osservatore Romano*, semi-official Vatican newspaper, had personally intervened

the Vatican, Cicognani passed this information along, without comment, to Truman's Attorney General McGranery, a Catholic papal knight.

In Palm Beach, McGranery hurried ashore from a yachting party to second the Apostolic Delegate's explanation. McGranery had received the information, he said, but had pigeonholed it since it had no bearing on the merits of the case. He had not thought it necessary to pass the word along to the White House or the Department of State. Then Archbishop Cicognani proved McGranery's point about the tenor of the exchange by sending a new message on the Pope's behalf to the White House—noting that more letters had been received at the Vatican, but still making no comment or plea. The White House firmly indicated that the newest message would not change President Eisenhower's decision.

Execution Date. The differences in accent between *L'Osservatore's* version of the Pope's plea and Archbishop Cicognani's in Washington could probably be

THE ECONOMY

Decontrol (Cont'd)

The great shift in the U.S. economy from Government controls to free enterprise picked up momentum. Following hard on the removal of wage curbs and the lifting of price ceilings from many consumer goods (*TIME*, Feb. 16), the Administration last week

¶ Abolished price ceilings on another broad range of consumer items, e.g., poultry & eggs, soaps, paint, window glass which are now selling generally below ceilings; and a first batch of industrial commodities, e.g., crude rubber, scrap metals, iron ore, lead, zinc, tin, petroleum & gas products, some of which are pressing ceilings and may well advance in prices.

¶ Relaxed procurement restrictions on steel, copper and aluminum. This was the initial step toward discarding the Office of Defense Mobilization's Controlled Materials Plan, which since July 1951 has allocated basic metals to industrial users. Defense needs and other allotments once met, producers and buyers may hereafter arrange their own sales on the free market. Auto manufacturers, for example, may now turn out as many cars as they wish, depending on how much steel or other materials they can find.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Round Trip

When Dwight Eisenhower asked Robert Chapman Sprague to serve as Under Secretary of the Air Force, the choice seemed a good one. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy (1920) and a Navy construction expert before he entered private business in 1926, Sprague had served on many a Government-industry committee, knew his way around a bureau. He has

26 A papal appeal for clemency is grounded on long precedent. As special emissary of Benedict XV in World War I, the present Pope journeyed to Berlin to deliver a fruitless appeal to spare the life of Nurse Edith Cavell. And in 1924, Pius XII again asked the Germans for mercy, and was refused—in the slaughter of 183 Italians in the Ardennes caves near Rome. During the Spanish Civil War, Pius XI was successful in persuading General Franco to spare the lives of several Loyalist prisoners.

tled down to Washington a week before inauguration, spent more time learning his job than any other Defense Department nominee.

Then he ran head-on into the blowup over stock holdings. In an effort to comply with the conflict-of-interest law, he resigned as president of the Sprague Electric Company (electrical and electronic parts) of North Adams, Mass., and got the board of directors to pledge that the firm would do no business with the Air Force while he was Under Secretary. But he refused to sell his \$5,000,000 interest (13.4% of the total stock) in the North Adams firm because he did not want out-of-town interests to get control. "Certain members" of the Senate Armed Services Committee, he said, told him this plan would pass inspection.

But the White House gave no such ready assurance. Week after week went by with no sign that the President was going to send Sprague's name to the Senate for confirmation. After nearly four weeks, an embarrassed Sprague wrote the President: "Unless I hear from you, I will proceed on the assumption that my name will not be sent . . ." He would stay around two more days, he wrote, then pack up and go home. Two days later, toward evening, Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams telephoned. The President and G.O.P. leaders in the Senate had discussed the problem at breakfast that morning. Their decision: under the circumstances, it would be "imprudent" to ask the Senate Armed Services Committee to confirm Stockholder Sprague.

Last week Robert Sprague snapped shut his bags and quietly headed back to Massachusetts. This week Chicago Lawyer James Henderson Douglas Jr., 53, who was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in 1932-33 and (as an Air Force colonel) chief of staff of the Air Transport Command during World War II, agreed to take the job.

THE CONGRESS

The Program

Republican leaders of the House and Senate left their 8:30 a.m. conference with the President one day last week with smiles on their faces and a firm legislative program in their hands. The program: 1) a bill (actually passed three days earlier) giving Dwight Eisenhower the same Government reorganization powers Harry Truman had, 2) appropriations, 3) statehood for Hawaii, 4) amendment of the Taft-Hartley law, 5) limited extension of controls on defense materials and in defense areas, 6) return of tidelands to the states, 7) renewal of reciprocal trade agreements, 8) simplification of customs, 9) extension of old-age aid survivors insurance to groups now excluded, 10) continued temporary aid to schools in critical areas, 11) addition of two commissioners to the District of Columbia board.

It was not an all-inclusive list, said Senate Majority Leader Bob Taft; other items would be added later. By this week,

one big item had already been added. With New York's old (77) Daniel Alden Reed calling the play, the House Ways & Means Committee (voting 21-4) approved a tax bill without even bothering to hold hearings. It was H.R.-1, Committee Chairman Reed's bill to cut individual income taxes about 10% effective July 1. But both the House and Senate leaders (with White House blessing) were prepared to roadblock H.R.-1, and any other tax-cut bill, at least until mid-May—when the budget picture will be clearer.

If Dan Reed wanted to play rough, he could get his powerful committee to set up some roadblocks of its own against the Administration's legislative program, until his tax cut is waved ahead. But Dan Reed, for nine years a football coach at Cornell,



NEW YORK'S DAN REED
The old coach never plays dirty.

doesn't play that way. Says Reed: "I never let my football team play dirty and I don't myself."

Last week the House also:

❑ Decided, through its Rules Committee, on a go-slow policy for congressional investigations, sat tight on 79 requests for investigating powers. (The Senate has no such inhibitions, has already authorized \$820,000 for a wide variety of probes.)

❑ Passed a resolution of sympathy for European flood victims (see FOREIGN NEWS), agreed to consider a bill to permit entry of 25,000 Dutch flood refugees.

The Senate:

❑ Confirmed Illinois' Donald B. (for Bradford) Lourie as Under Secretary of State. New York's James J. (for Jeremiah) Wadsworth as Deputy U.S. Representative to the U.N., New Jersey's H. (for Harris) Lee White as Assistant Air Force Secretary.

❑ Adopted a resolution of sorrow at the death of Utah's ex-Senator Elbert Thomas, 60, high commissioner of U.S. Trust territory in the Pacific (see MILESTONES).

Hot Tips

In their very own barbershop not far off the Senate floor, U.S. Senators can get free haircuts, shaves and shoeshines. Their needs are cared for with a smile by three barbers, a shoeshine boy and a porter, all on steady Government salaries. Last fortnight the root of all evil temporarily upset this happy situation.

Most Senators tip the barbershop staff generously (standard: 25¢ for a shine, \$1 for a haircut). But some, who remained nameless throughout the incident, got to thinking that free should mean free. So Forest A. Harness, the new Republican sergeant at arms, told a sad barbershop crew: no more tips. When South Carolina's freshly clipped Democratic Senator Burnet Maybank reached out with a dollar and was told the barber couldn't accept it, he roared: "I won't break the rules but that rule has got to be changed. I been paying a dollar every haircut since 1941."

The view of Maybank and other willing tippers prevailed. By last week the new rule had been withdrawn and everything had been tipped back into place.

AGRICULTURE

Bawls & Bellows

In St. Paul, Minn. last week, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson rose before a farm audience of 3,000 to repeat two points he had been expounding in Washington: 1) price supports should be used only as "insurance against disaster," 2) farmers "should not be placed in the position of working for Government bounty rather than producing for a free market." Back in Washington the next day, Benson let it be known that he does not intend to shove Government supports under sagging cattle prices, because there is no "feasible method" for doing so.

Suddenly the fervent price-support Democrats woke up to the fact that Benson was carrying a modified free-economy philosophy right into their own back pastures. Said Minnesota's Representative Eugene J. McCarthy: "[Benson] is like a man standing on the bank of the river telling a drowning man that all he needs to do is take a deep breath of air." Alabama's Senator John Sparkman said that Benson had "in effect repudiated the price-support program." (One notable exception: New Mexico's Clinton Anderson, Harry Truman's ex-Secretary of Agriculture, who agreed "with most of" what Benson said.)

Actually, Benson had said repeatedly that he will enforce the present price-support program as long as it is the law; he has begun studies to determine what policy should be adopted when the law expires at the end of 1954. He has not announced specific policy on present supports not fixed by law. And despite all political bawls and bellows about cattle prices, spokesmen for the cattlemen themselves stood solidly behind Benson. Their attitude: we've never had cattle price supports, and we don't want them now.

DEMOCRATS

The Voice of the Opposition

Tanned by the Barbados sun, the wear & tear of November's electoral defeat apparently erased by a restful holiday, Adlai Stevenson returned last week to the political arena. The setting for his first major address since the Eisenhower victory was the Grand Ballroom of Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria. There, before 1,700 Democratic bigwigs assembled for the \$100-a-plate Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner, Stevenson assumed the mantle of leader of the constructive opposition.

The Charter. He spoke with the neat, oratorical pace and lilt that carried his audience nostalgically back to mid-October. He reeled off just after well-phrased jest, spoofing the Republicans ("To the victor belongs the toil") and spoofing his own party. ("We Democrats are in a

Attack No. 1. The Eisenhower Administration is a government by businessmen: "History warns us," he said, "that government by a single group, no matter how high-minded and patriotic it may be, exposes government to genuine dangers. There is always the tendency to mistake the particular interest for the general interest—to suppose, in the immortal thought recently uttered before a committee of Congress, that what is good for General Motors is good for the country . . . While the New Dealers have all left Washington to make way for the car dealers, I hasten to say that I, for one, do not believe the story that the general welfare has become a subsidiary of General Motors."

Attack No. 2. The Eisenhower foreign policy is a policy of dollar and bully-boy diplomacy:

"The fact that we have been in a posi-

son's own Democratic associates in the Congress and of many of his personal friends in the State Department," wrote Reston, "was that the warning [by Secretary Dulles on the need for defensive unity in Europe] was necessary, that it had the backing of public opinion in this country, and that . . . it actually did a lot of good."

This week Stevenson went to Washington for a tea party with fellow Democrats and a lunch with President Eisenhower. Early in March he will take off on a private citizen's journey round the world.

TRIALS

Guilt of Treason

In Manhattan, John David Provoo, 35, ex-U.S. Army sergeant and onetime devotee of Japanese Buddhism, was convicted of treason after a trial lasting 15 weeks (TIME, Nov. 24). Charges on which the jury found Provoo guilty: 1) offering his services to the Japanese army following his capture at Corregidor in May 1942; 2) helping to cause the execution of one fellow prisoner by denouncing him to the Japanese as "uncooperative"; 3) participating in two wartime Japanese propaganda broadcasts. The eighth U.S. citizen to be convicted of treason since World War II, Provoo was the second to be convicted for acts committed while a prisoner of war.

DISASTERS

Silence from the Gulf

Both the U.S. Weather Bureau and National Airlines weather information service expected stormy weather in the Gulf of Mexico as National's Flight 470 left Miami for Tampa and New Orleans at 3:16 E.S.T. one afternoon last week. There was a low-pressure area over the Gulf, a cold front was moving out from Texas, and small-craft warnings were flying along the coast. But the weather was expected to remain well within the "limits of operating conditions" for the four-engine DC-6B. Its captain, Ernest A. Springer, was a 44-year-old veteran of airline operation. National had safely flown the tri-city route 9,078 times.

The big plane made a routine landing at Tampa and took off again at 4:40 with 41 passengers—many of them holiday travelers bound for the Mardi Gras. It was due in New Orleans at 5:45 C.S.T., but Flight 470 was never completed. Captain Springer's last radio report, at 5:12, gave no hint of danger. After that, attempts to get in touch with the plane were answered only by a silence—silence and the howl of sudden heavy winds which battered the shore line hard enough to tear off roofs at Grand Isle, La.

During the night an operator at Mobile's Radio Station WKRQ picked up what he thought was an S O S message, possibly from a hand-cranked "Gibson Girl" transmitter of the type used on life rafts. As a great sea-air search got underway the next morning, one of the



ADLAI STEVENSON & FELLOW DEMOCRATS

"It is easier to express lofty sentiments than to practice them."

mood to love everybody. And, of course, we would be delighted if a few million more people would love us.") He also defined a commendable charter for a Democratic minority party.

"We shall fight them to the end when we think they are wrong," said he. "But our central purpose, our guiding light, must be something different: it must be to keep on working positively and constructively for the good of the country. Of course, it is easier to express these lofty sentiments than to practice them. Undoubtedly we shall have our partisan moments. But let us never be content merely to oppose; let us always propose something better."

With the charter defined, Stevenson sidestepped it with attacks on the character of the Administration—attacks of the kind that no other leading Democrat, in or out of Congress, has yet found it necessary to make.

tion to contribute . . . arms and money does not entitle us to preach or threaten . . . We want not sullen obedience, but friendly cooperation from our allies . . . We want no satellites; we want companions in arms . . . I hope I have misread the signs of the revival of the discredited 'dollar diplomacy' . . . Ours must be the role of the good neighbor, the good partner, the good friend—never the big bully."

Call Foul. Stevenson's old admirer, New York Times Correspondent James Reston, had liked Stevenson's speeches better than Ike's during the campaign. But, while reminding the Administration of its duty to keep the opposition informed, Reston did not hesitate to call foul on parts of Stevenson's \$100-a-plate speech. "The judgment of Mr. Steven-

© Texas' Lyndon Johnson, New York's Averell Harriman.

20-odd planes which took part sighted what seemed to be a raft, with six people clinging to it. But they were never seen again. A 20-ft. sea was running, and it seemed doubtful that survivors could cling to a raft for long.

Less than 30 miles off the Alabama coast, the searchers found bits & pieces of wreckage. The DC-6 was down in 100 feet of water; during the day seventeen bodies floated to the surface and were recovered. There seemed to be no doubt that all 46 people aboard had perished.

NEBRASKA

Bryan's Last Stand

In Nebraska, where political oratory is apt to be gusty, the memory of William Jennings Bryan, greatest and gustiest of Nebraska politicians, is revered by many people. It seemed quite proper, then, when the Bryan Memorial Commission produced a 13-ton, 8-ft. bronze likeness of the late Great Commoner and planted it on the steps of the handsome, "sky-scraper" (19-story) state capitol. The statue was no sooner in place than a storm of angry protests broke over the head of Governor Val Peterson. Republican pride was outraged that a Democrat should desecrate the capitol's steps. The governor compromised: the statue could remain on the steps "on a temporary basis."

That was in 1947. Ever since, in the unicameral legislature, in letters-to-the-editor columns of the press, in the gathering places of Omaha, the controversy has raged on. Bryan meanwhile stood stolidly on the steps, collected lichens and gazed placidly at the vista of ramshackle boardinghouses across the square. Last week the issue was finally settled: by a vote of 25-12, the legislature agreed to let the Great Commoner remain on his pedestal on a permanent basis.



Hugh Sidey—Omaha World-Herald
THE GREAT COMMONER
On a permanent basis.

OPINION

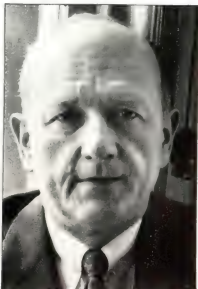
The Conversion

To master planners in the U.S. and most of the world beyond, David Eli Lilienthal still stands as a prime symbol of Government administration of vast public business projects. During his 17 years as a star of the New Deal, Lilienthal headed and largely shaped two of the world's greatest Government enterprises: TVA and the Atomic Energy Commission. In his books and innumerable lectures he sang the praises of what he called "people's businesses." A year and a half ago, however, David Lilienthal went into private enterprise as a consultant to Lazard Frères & Co., New York investment bankers. (His chief current interest: management of Philadelphia's Atappulugus Minerals & Chemical Corp.) This week he had a new book on the market with a title that, at first sight, might jolt his old New Deal disciples. The title: *Big Business: A New Era* (Harper; \$2.75).

The Asset of Size. "The convictions about Big Business presented in this book grew out of more than 20 years of experience, observation and reflection," Lilienthal begins. "Many times during those years I had to revise my opinions and judgments because they simply did not square with the facts as I found them to be." The central fact about the U.S. economy, as Lilienthal now sees it: "Our productive and distributive superiority, our economic fruitfulness, rest upon Bigness. Size is our greatest single functional asset."

The fear of Big Business reflected in U.S. antitrust laws, Lilienthal says, is based "largely upon prejudice created by abuses long since corrected . . ." and against the danger of future abuses of power by Big Business "we either already have adequate public safeguards or know how to fashion new ones as required." In fact, the nation should abandon limitations upon Big Business for a governmental policy which will promote "those principles and practices of Bigness that can bring us, in increasing measure, vast social and individual benefits."

Negative to Positive. Some classical economists, in full agreement with this enthusiasm for revising some obsolete clichés about Bigness, would suggest that the way for the Government to encourage Big Business is to let it alone. Lilienthal takes a different tack. He proposes that Congress pass a Basic Economic Act proclaiming its prime concern with "productivity and the ethical and economic distribution of this productivity." Lilienthal's law would automatically repeal "the Sherman and Clayton acts, and all other existing laws, administrative policies and judicial interpretations of the antitrust laws" insofar as they were inconsistent with the Basic Economic Act. Under its terms, "the legal test Bigness would have to face would therefore be whether the particular aspect of size challenged by the Government does in fact further the public interest."



Edmund J. Mearns

AUTHOR LILIENTHAL
On a positive tack.

Such a law, says Lilienthal, would mark a transition from a negative to a positive approach to Big Business. But he is apparently unworried that it would also mark a transition from limited Government regulatory power over business to virtually unlimited Government power to "guide" the business community along whatever lanes an incumbent Congress and executive might believe to represent "the public interest."

CRIME

A Trooper's Last Words

As he was driving down Connecticut's broad, tree-lined Merritt Parkway one night last week, a Navy chief petty officer named Franklin Jensen saw an unusual sight: an empty state police car was standing at the side of the road with its big rear warning light flashing rhythmically. He slowed. Then he saw something even stranger: a weak blink of light on the ground near the car. He stopped, got out. A white-faced state trooper was sprawled there in the darkness, working a flashlight button with his thumb, and dying from a bullet wound in his stomach.

"Oh God," the wounded man groaned. "oh God . . . get me my rosary . . ." As the Navy chief bent over him, the trooper managed to whisper a report. His name was Ernest J. Morse. He had begun chasing a speeder near New Haven, and after miles of pursuit had finally flagged his quarry down. But as he got out of his patrol car, the speeder—a dark-haired youth in a grey overcoat—had pulled a pistol, fired once and driven away. The policeman muttered the first three digits of the youth's Massachusetts license number: 169. He gasped: "Go to the car radio and call." The Navy man obeyed him.

The trooper's whispered words, relayed to Westport police barracks, started Con-



CHRISTINE JORGENSEN MEETS THE PRESS
A husky hello and a Bloody Mary.

necit's biggest man hunt. The speeder, a 20-year-old Arlington, Mass. parole violator named John Xavier Donahue, was sighted that night as he drove into Greenwich, was pursued amid a hail of sub-machinegun bullets and driven to cover in a garage loft. Only minutes later he came out, calling "Don't shoot! I surrender!" By that time Trooper Morse had been dead for four hours.

MANNERS & MORALS

Homecoming

Early last December, in one of the year's outstanding contributions to tabloid titillation, the New York *Daily News* led the pack in discovering Christine Jorgensen, the ex-G.I. from The Bronx who reported that Danish doctors had converted him into a woman (*TIME*, Dec. 15). Last week, fittingly, it was the *News* which best answered the "who, what, when, where" as it reported Christine's gala homecoming. Said the *News*: "Christine Jorgensen, the lad who became a lady, arrived home from Denmark yesterday, lit a cigarette like a girl, husked 'Hello' and tossed off a Bloody Mary like a guy, then opened her fur coat. Jane Russell has nothing to worry about."

The *News*, however, no longer had Christine to itself. At New York's International Airport to welcome home the blonde who used to be George Jorgensen were some 350 curious citizens and a phalanx of photographers and reporters. When Christine appeared, a woman in the crowd turned to her little girl and said: "Look, Ruthie. She used to be a man" wrote the *News* with high disdain: "Ruthie stared poyeyed. All she needed was a bag of peanuts and a bottle of soda."

The assembled reporters could have done with some peanuts and soda themselves. No sideshow mermaid ever got

closer scrutiny than Christine. Her technique with high heels, agreed the tabloids, was poor. "If you shut your eyes when she spoke, you would have thought a man was talking," said the *News*. To *Daily Mirror* reporters her voice was "a litting, feminine soprano" dropping to "a husky, masculine contralto" as she grew tired. All in all, the sight of Christine in the flesh took some of the anticipatory gleam out of the newsmen's eyes. "Her legs, what could be seen of them, were smooth and trim," said the *News*. "However, the planes of her face were flat, hard."

Once the reporters had had a chance to take inventory, Christine moved on to a \$52-a-day suite in Manhattan's Carlyle Hotel. This week, with Christine safely hidden away "in the country," the first chapter of her memoirs appeared in Hearst's *American Weekly*. In it Christine explained why (beyond a reported \$30,000) she had decided to tell her story in print. It was, she said, to help others suffering in "the no-man's-land of sex."

Americana

¶ In Chicago, frugal Anna Cox, 74, a street-corner peddler of notions, disclosed that her address for the past seven years has been the Chicago Transit Authority. When room rents went up, Anna Cox took to the streetcars at night. "A trolley's got a rooming house beat a mile for comfort," she said, "and it's a sight cheaper." She kept a change of clothes in a warehouse, freshened up in public toilets, lived on vegetables and fruit, always paid her full fare (\$7.14 a week). "I don't sleep as well in a bed," she explained. "The rolling motion of a streetcar is very conducive to sleep."

In San Francisco, Warden Edwin Swope brought up a housing problem of another sort. The average cost of rooming & boarding an inmate of Alcatraz, he an-

nounced, is now \$8 a day—more than twice the rate of other federal prisons, and about the same as a single room in a good San Francisco hotel.

¶ In Providence, Rhode Island's Governor Dennis J. Roberts signed a proclamation gratefully accepting 14,000 cherry-tree seeds from the Japanese government in commemoration of Rhode Islander Oliver Hazard Perry's historic trip to Japan 100 years ago. Then the embarrassed Statehouse was briefed on a few facts that every schoolboy should know: 1) Oliver, hero of the Battle of Lake Erie, was already dead 100 years ago; 2) his brother, Commodore Matthew Perry, made the historic trip! 3) Matthew went ashore on July 14, 1853, not Feb. 11, 1853.

¶ In North Dakota, the legislature pondered three bills which would ban 1) the practice of an individual's buying a round of drinks, 2) the sale of candy cigarettes, clearly a menace to young Dakotans, and 3) dancing in the dark (it enables people to drink unseen).

HIGHWAYS

Deep Ruts

Men with more than a passing interest in U.S. highways got together last week at an American Road Builders Association convention in Boston and an American Automobile Association highway conference in Washington. At both places they worried over some deeply rutted statistics. Items:

¶ The 664,000 miles in the U.S.'s federal-aid highway system need \$32 billion worth of repair and improvement.

¶ Just to stay even, 40,000 of the 664,000 miles should be worked over each year. Last year's total rehabilitation: 20,000 miles.

¶ Most of the key 40,000-mile system connecting major cities is worn out.

¶ Of the 12,000 bridges in the national system, only 4,000 are designed to carry the heavy loads that roll across the highways. Engineers are continually amazed that the others continue to hold up.

PENNSYLVANIA

Hole in the Ground

Back in 1917 the city of Philadelphia set to work to build a subway line down Locust Street, which runs through Philadelphia's main business district. The resulting excavations kept large parts of Locust Street in a turmoil until work on the project was interrupted in 1918 by World War I shortages. After the war, digging started again, and the tunnel was finally finished in 1933 at a cost of \$6,000,000. But what with the Depression and World War II, the city just never got around to putting the Locust Street subway into operation.

About two years ago, however, the city government went to work on Locust Street again, spending another \$2,500,000 in the process. Last week the first trains finally ran through the Locust Street tunnel (providing a high-speed connection

between the business district and Camden, N.J. via the Delaware River Bridge). But nobody had any such hopes for another ancient and expensive Philadelphia subway hole in the ground, the Arch Street tunnel, used only as a storage place for rivets and old rails since its excavation in 1917-18.

WASHINGTON

The Avalanche

On a clear and frosty Seattle morning, the vast white bulk of Mount Rainier sometimes seems to be floating low in the southern sky. East and west, the peaks of the Cascade and Olympic ranges run off sharp, cold and glistening along the horizon. Looking at them, Seattle likes to reflect that the frontier still exists: the mountains are still as pitiless—and as alluring—as they were when Henry Yesler's little sawmill was first cutting Douglas fir logs and Indian war canoes still coursed Puget Sound's lonely arms of green tidewater.

To many a Northwesterner—among them lean, soft-spoken Berne Jacobsen, 46, city editor of the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*—the mountains are a vital part of life. When he was younger, Jacobsen went north in the Jack London tradition, to the greater ranges of Alaska, and later wrote of handloggers, prospectors, coastal fishermen. By the time his only child, Keith, was born, Jacobsen was claimed by the chores of the city room. But as the boy grew, the father found time to take him into the mountains on innumerable weekend trips.

Keith Jacobsen became a husky 17-year-old who lived, like many of his friends, for little but the challenge of the peaks. A fortnight ago, just after dawn, he climbed out of an automobile at the summit of Washington's crag-hung

Snoqualmie Pass. He slipped on his pack, snapped on his skis and, with two teen-age pals behind him, set off on an overnight climb to Snow Lake in the untracked high Cascades. The boys toiled steadily; by half past twelve they had passed through a draw at 4,200 feet and were beginning the last, long climb to the lake where they planned to camp.

They never got there. Edward Almquist, the last boy in line, bent over to adjust his skis, heard a sound like "rumbling drums," glanced up, and saw the smoking, tumbling white front of an avalanche racing down upon them. He yelled, fled, fell. When he got up, the mountains were silent again. Keith Jacobsen and the second boy, Larry Schinke, had vanished. Survivor Almquist started the 4½ miles back to the pass. He broke one ski. But he plunged fearfully on, waded along the Snoqualmie River until he found a familiar landmark, then took off through the snow again. It was only 3 o'clock in the afternoon when he burst out near a ski lodge at the road, yelling, "Help! Help! Avalanche!"

"The Weather's Terrible." Back up in the mountains, Larry Schinke was keeping a terrible vigil. When he recovered consciousness he found himself under the snow, his feet higher than his head, and with one arm thrown up over his face. The arm made a small air pocket and allowed him to breathe. But, wise in the survival rules of mountaineering, he moved not a muscle for fear of re-starting the slide. He did not know how deep he was (actually he was down only three feet), but he could see light through the snow. He assumed that all three boys had been buried, presumed the party would not be missed for 36 hours. He prayed. Melting snow ran into one of his ears—drop by drop—like a Chinese torture. The bad air made him sick and he vomited. But he kept himself

motionless, hour after hour, as darkness fell—and as a rescue party, guided by his friend Eddie Almquist—battled upward through a blinding blizzard.

That night, at the state highway patrol's crowded, overheated headquarters in Snoqualmie Pass, City Editor Jacobsen paced, smoked cigarettes, listened to the crackle of short-wave radio and the sound of his own reporters yelling into a hand-cranked telephone. "Listen," one reporter called, "22 really hot mountain guys started up and had to come back. The weather's terrible. Hell, yes, you can call it a fierce blizzard."

The Tip of a Ski. But the first rescuers pressed on in the darkness. At 9:55 the radio rasped: "We've located Larry Schinke. He's alive." Larry had seen the faint glow of a flashlight through the piled snow, had yelled, and had been rescued safe & sound. But the searching party, continuing on its way, reported no sign of young Keith Jacobsen. Back in the state patrol headquarters, the *P-I*'s managing editor Ed Stone took Keith's father gently by the arm, led him into a side room, told him to stretch out on an army cot. Jacobsen obeyed numbly.

At dawn there was still no sign of Keith, although knots of determined new rescuers had been pressing up into the mountains all night long, with poles, shovels, lights, food. But at 8 a.m. the radio announced that the tip of a ski had been sighted, that a body had been located—that Keith was dead. As the radio began blaring its message, Managing Editor Stone reached fiercely for the door to Jacobsen's little room and slammed it shut. From the other side the boy's father quietly opened it again. He stood in the doorway, red-eyed, unshaven, motionless. When the radio finally stopped, Jacobsen went back to the cot and sat down. Then he put his head in his hands and wept.



RESCUE PARTY & AVALANCHE VICTIM; FATHER JACOBSEN (RIGHT) & EDITOR STONE
A rumble of drums and silence again.



Burt Glinn—Left

NEWS IN PICTURES



GETTYSBURG ADDRESS: Only picture of Lincoln on the scene, proving that Photographer Brady got his man (in circle at left)

after all, may be this photograph, tentatively identified last week by the National Archives. At right: Pennsylvania's Governor Curtin.



U.N. MEETING: Eleanor Roosevelt, at reception of New York Newspaper Women, wishes luck to Mrs. Oswald B. Lord, her successor on Human Rights Commission.



MANHATTAN MOUTHPIECE: J. Roland Sala, flamboyant lawyer for Call Girl Pat Ward, waves



EGYPTIAN RALLY: Opening new headquarters for his Liberation Movement, now the nation's only political party, Strongman Naguib

waves to 30,000 followers in Cairo's Erabi Square. His pledge: to get the British out of Suez and the Sudan (see INTERNATIONAL).



came at Veteran Reporter James Kilgallen during argument over coverage of vice trial (see PRESS).



KOREAN CASUALTY: Grieving mother weeps over flag-draped coffin of her son, Pvt. Dennis Donoghue Jr., who told his parents, "I'll be drafted and I'll be killed."

INTERNATIONAL



MOHAMMED NAGUIB & FRIENDS
A pen instead of a sword.

Associated Press

MIDDLE EAST

A Page Is Turned

At 11 o'clock one morning last week, perhaps the best news from the Middle East in years issued from the ornate cabinet room in Cairo's presidency: Egypt and Britain had reached an amicable solution of their half-century-old dispute over the Sudan. By its terms, Britain will quit the million-square-mile area (one-third the size of the U.S.), and allow the 8,000,000 Sudanese to decide their own political future. "A new page has been turned in the relations between Egypt and the United Kingdom," cried Egypt's Strongman Mohammed Naguib, "a page that restores confidence and augurs well." "A new era of friendship," agreed Britain's Ambassador Sir Ralph Stevenson.

"*Mubarak, Mubarak!*" (congratulations), murmured Stevenson and Naguib to each other as they signed the blue-pigged agreement. Naguib, his face a picture of glee (see cut), held aloft the fountain pen and said: "I will send it to the museum." Newsmen and photographers hugged and hugged him; guards, overcome with emotion, bent to kiss his hand, were told sharply: "Give me a strong handshake. That would be better." From Washington came a strong handshake: "This Government is highly gratified."

Union Jack & Crescent. Half a century ago a cocky and flamboyant young British journalist named Winston Churchill wrote: "The Sudan is naturally and geographically an integral part of Egypt." The Egyptians thought so too.

Greedy for gold, slaves and ivory, Egypt's "liberator," Mohammed Ali, conquered the Sudan in 1820 and began 60 years of maladministration and slaving.

(To this day, the Egyptian gutter name for Sudanese is "*Abid*," which means the slaves.) In 1882, rotting Egypt burst apart; the British moved into Egypt proper, and a religious fakir, calling himself El Mahdi (The Messiah), took the Sudan. Famed General "Chinese" Gordon, an Englishman employed by the Egyptians, tried a holding operation in Khartoum, but died on the steps of his headquarters, a human pin cushion for dervish spears.

Thirteen years later, in 1898, General Horatio Kitchener avenged Gordon. He led a combined Anglo-Egyptian force of 25,000 (one of whom was Subaltern Winston Churchill) up the Nile, shattered 40,000 dervishes and Fuzzy-Wuzzies at Omdurman, razed the Mahdi's tomb and regained the Sudan. But for whom?

The British raised the Union Jack and Egypt's Crescent side by side over Khartoum, and proclaimed a weird device for joint British-Egyptian government called the Condominium. It was a formality only: the British ruled, the Egyptians did little more than pay some of the bills. In 1924 the British threw the remaining troops of their "co-partner" out of the Sudan; 16 months ago, the Egyptians got equally fed up. They denounced the Condominium and proclaimed Egypt's sovereignty over the Sudan; the nationalists' outcry for the Sudan moved from Cairo's streets into the world's chancelleries.

Moslem Majority. A series of triple plays made last week's agreement possible. The Sudan will reach freedom in three stages: 1) countrywide elections for a Sudanese parliament; 2) formation of a Sudanese government; 3) the Sudanese to decide, within three years, whether to join Egypt or remain independent. (Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden assured the

House of Commons that Sudan could decide to join the British Commonwealth.)

Three commissions, mutually agreeable to Egypt and Britain, will police the operation. The most important one is a commission which during the transition may veto acts of British Governor General Sir Robert Howe, uncrowned monarch of the Sudan. Two Sudanese, an Egyptian, an Englishman and a Pakistani will form the commission; thus it will have a Moslem majority—a concession by the British, who had long argued that the 2,000,000 half-clad, ignorant natives of the South Sudan had to be protected against the Arab majority in the north.

Three men made the settlement possible: Naguib, Stevenson, and the U.S. Ambassador to Egypt, Jefferson Caffery. Taciturn, levelheaded, 66-year-old Caffery, dean of the U.S. Foreign Service (he was chief of a mission back in Hoover's Administration), was the honest broker for the great diplomatic triumph. Naguib last week paid him a well-earned tribute: "It was through Ambassador Caffery's good offices that many difficult points were ironed out." Some old-style British imperialists were horrified by the agreement, arguing that it was one more British retreat, like India, Burma and Aden.

Nonetheless, if Britain had made concessions, so had Naguib. It was through his statesmanlike decision last November, at a time when his countrymen were inflamed against the British, that Egypt for the first time recognized the Sudan's right to self-determination. He also withdrew Egypt's paralyzing refusal to negotiate over the Sudan until British forces evacuated Suez.

In fact, an agreement over Suez should be the next beneficial step. Still to be decided is the form of Britain's withdrawal



JEFFERSON CAFFERY
A quid for a quo.

from its Suez Canal Zone base, jampacked with \$1 billion worth of forts, barracks, flying fields and radar—and 50,000 troops. The *quid* for Britain's *quo* would be Egypt's willingness to join Britain, the U.S., France and Turkey in a Middle East Defense Organization, pledged to the defense, not only of the canal, but of the entire Eastern Mediterranean.

Naguib capped his triumphant week with a satisfying announcement: he plans to visit the U.S. "in the very near future."

FAR EAST

Hot Cargo

The Finnish tanker *Wisma*, the first ship to try to run jet fuel into embargoed Red China (TIME, Feb. 16), was within 1,500 miles of China when her master received radioed orders from her owners to halt. Early one morning last week, the dirty, dumpy *Wisma*, loaded to the Plimsoll line with her 7,000-ton cargo, dropped anchor 20 miles from Singapore. "I am waiting," said her skipper, "for further orders from my owners. To run to China is a great risk, but it is my job, and my crew is in good humor."

In Helsinki, Millionaire Shipowner Antti Wihuri, frightened by the sudden glare of publicity, tried to decide whether he should risk his ship and the wrath of the West by ordering the *Wisma* on, or break his contract with the Communists by ordering her to cancel delivery. At week's end, distraught Owner Wihuri fled to the privacy of a hospital bed, insisting as he went that the cargo which the *Wisma* took aboard in Red Rumania really wasn't aviation oil, but domestic oil for the lamps of China. "That's what it says in my contract. I believe my contract."

WESTERN EUROPE

Helping Hearts

As if Western Europe had not already had more than enough of weather, howling blizzards swirled down on Britain last week, while high spring tides threatened The Netherlands and rivers overflowed in Belgium. But man's battle with nature was slowly being won. Everywhere, catastrophe and the willingness to share it were welding old allies, grown apart, into a special kind of comradeship.

"I never understood why you liked Americans so much," wrote one Dutch woman to a friend in the U.S. "To me, their insistence on the story of the boy with his finger in the dike always seemed indicative of their lack of understanding. I admit now I was totally wrong. Here they were with their trucks and helicopters, picking up people, bringing them in, and going right out on another mission. What struck me was that their hearts were in it, just as our Dutch hearts were." Offers of aid to The Netherlands had poured in from far away. A factory in Italy offered homes to 300 Dutch children; 20,000 French families offered haven to the flood victims.

In Britain, the first letter new U.S. Am-



Map by J. Donovan

bassador Winthrop Aldrich found on his desk was an urgent request for 10 million sandbags to bolster Britain's fast-disappearing supply. Aldrich promptly telephoned Washington to have the bags flown over. Before the operation could get under way, however, promises of 17 million sandbags had been given Britain's embassies in Europe alone. By the following morning, R.A.F. transports were winging their way to pick up 5,500,000 bags already stacked on airfields in Italy, France, Switzerland, Denmark, Belgium, Norway, Germany and Portugal. Even The Netherlands, stripped of sandbags by her own needs, offered all surplus space on Dutch airliners to carry the bags Britain needed.

Airliners from other countries soon joined the R.A.F. In flying the heavy loads of bags to the British flood areas, where trucks and volunteers stood ready in the cold and snow to fill and pile them up. More than 11 million bags were on hand by the time the spring tides rose again at week's end. Said Wing Commander Masterman, who organized Operation King Canute, as the sandbag-lift was called: "It's been a delight. It shows the thing works in peacetime as well as in war."

UNITED NATIONS

Coming of Age

In familiar Communist fashion, the delegate of the U.S.S.R. resolutely insulted his fellow delegates at a meeting of a U.N. economic commission gathered in Bandung, Indonesia. Asia is being fooled, said Russia's chunky S. S. Nemchina; the U.S. is helping Asian lands only to enslave and "rob" them, and sinister strings are attached to U.S. offers. The Asians

responded in unfamiliar fashion. Nemchina's words had stung their pride: instead of trying to prove their neutralism, the delegates of India, Burma and Pakistan sprang to the defense of the U.S.: "Said Burma's U Kyaw Myint: 'We have received considerable aid from America . . . Receipt of this involved no slavery. No political, economic or military concessions were asked for or given in this connection, and our gratitude for this aid is therefore all the greater.'"

"Said India's D. P. Karmarker: 'We appreciate what's been done by . . . progressive states like the U.S.A. . . . The U.S.S.R. has done practically nothing to help the region and has attributed malicious motives to other countries that have helped . . . The Soviet Union is talking about things which no longer exist.'"

"Said Pakistan's Abbas Khaleel: ' . . . We are today free and independent nations, capable of looking after ourselves . . . We have accepted foreign aid on conditions and terms that have been freely negotiated and are fully to our advantage . . . We of Asia have come of age and . . . hogymen do not frighten us so easily.'"

ECONOMICS

Money from the Bank

To further the industrial revolution in Yugoslavia, the World Bank last week gave Communist Marshal Tito a \$30 million loan. The loan will include no dollars, but it will be the biggest mixture of European currencies ever passed in one package by the World Bank—some \$10 million in French francs, \$7,500,000 in Swiss francs, the rest in British pounds, Belgian francs, German marks, Austrian schillings, Italian lire, Dutch guilders, Norwegian kroner and Swedish kronor.

The World Bank (a loan pool of 54 nations, started at Bretton Woods, N.H. in 1944) said that the money would go into 27 construction and development programs in electric power, coal mining, extraction and processing of nonferrous metals, iron and steel, some manufacturing industries, forestry and transportation. Most projects are to be completed by 1956, and are expected to boost Yugoslav industrial output by at least 30%. Examples: production capacity for iron ore should go up by 900,000 tons, pig iron by 260,000 tons, steel ingots by 275,000 tons, finished steel products by 195,000 tons. Most of the things Yugoslavia needs to buy can be bought from European countries and her trade pattern makes it easier to pay back in European currencies. "We like to make loans that are going to be paid back," explained World Bank President Eugene R. Black.

The loan is the third granted to Tito by the World Bank (the first, \$2,700,000 in U.S. dollars in 1949; the second, \$28 million in European currencies in 1950) since he broke with Moscow and won the wary support of the West. Tito's regime has also received \$247 million in loans and grants plus unrevealed millions in military aid from the U.S. in the past three years.

THE NATIONS

Diplomatic Explosion

An icy gale whipped the trees along Tel Aviv's Rothschild Boulevard and tore at the policeman on guard before the Soviet legation to Israel. While he patrolled the front, someone neatly clipped a hole in a wire fence at the rear, crept through, and placed a bomb—six pounds of high explosives in a thin metal container—against a wall of the somber grey stone legation. The bomb went off with a crash that shook Tel Aviv and sent diplomatic shock tremors across the world.

A fast-thinking French correspondent dialed the legation—6551—and asked in Russian: "Was that bang a hand grenade or a bomb?" "Don't be a fool," came the reply. "It was a bomb, and a big one." Seconds later the Iron Curtain was lowered, and even Israeli police, barred from the legation, had to wait outside while the injured were carried out. The wife of Soviet Minister Pavel Yershov was slightly hurt, the legation housekeeper was wounded seriously (fragments in the abdomen) and had to be rushed to Hadassah Hospital in an ambulance. A tight-lipped legation official rode with her, suspiciously demanded to know every step the Jewish doctors performed, and insisted on being present during the emergency operation which saved her life.

Handy Pretext. A flush of horror and foreboding spread across Israel. The bombing was the most serious anti-Communist incident since Moscow came out in the open with its anti-Jewish campaign (others: the firing of a Soviet bookshop in Jerusalem; a hand-grenade explosion at the Czech legation). "This is as bad as the assassination of Count Bernadotte," said a civil servant. "Will our people never learn?" Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett rushed a fervent apology to Moscow. Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion cut short a vacation to lay the matter before the Knesset. "An abomination was committed by hooligans last night," he stormed. "If self-styled Jewish patriotism was the motive for their foul deed, and if their intention was to fight for the honor of Israel, then let me say that it is they themselves who have profaned . . . the honor of Israel." As he spoke, police were rounding up 27 suspects, most of them members of something called the Anti-Communist League.

But no amount of apology or police diligence could undo the damage, since the bomb could not have served Soviet leaders better if they had touched it off themselves. It would have been normal for the Kremlin to accept Israel's apologies; in 1927, for example, when a White Russian killed the Soviet ambassador to Poland, Moscow contented itself with a strong note of protest. This time the Kremlin obviously had been awaiting a pretext.

The Israeli minister in Moscow was summoned before Foreign Minister Andrei Vishinsky and handed an angry note. "Malefactors with the obvious conniv-

ance of the police engineered [the] explosion," it said. "It is quite obvious . . . that the declarations and apologies of the Israeli government . . . are a falsehood aimed at covering up." The conclusion: "The Soviet government . . . breaks off relations with the Israeli government."

It was the end of a relationship that began in 1948, when the Russians were second only to the U.S. in championing the creation of the state of Israel. "We know that you are largely dependent on the help of American Jewry and that you must remain friendly with the U.S.," Andrei Gromyko once told Sharett at Lake Success. "That we don't mind, so long as it doesn't make you unfriendly to us."

Scapegoats & Decoys. Gromyko's easy line did not last; for one thing, it does



ANDREI VISHINSKY
How many will die?

not suit Soviet policy to have any group of her people looking outside Russia for their homeland. Secondly, the Russians were disappointed at the slenderness of Communist strength in Israel, which remained small despite immigration from Eastern Europe. So the 2,500,000 Jews behind the Iron Curtain have become scapegoats and decoys for the big Communist purges now underway. How many will die or disappear, no one can guess; western eyes can only grub for stray hints in the Soviet press.

Always agile at getting two benefits from one move, the Russians are already exploiting their break with Israel in that vast strategic vacuum, the Middle East. They found eager hearers among the Arabs, who dislike Britain and France for past colonial behavior and mistrust the U.S. for its constant support of Israel. The day after Vishinsky's note, every newspaper in Syria printed editorials hailing Russia's action and urging other governments to do likewise.

WAR IN KOREA

Year of the Snake

In Korea last week, with routine probing attacks and loudspeaker propaganda, the Chinese Reds observed the first day of a Chinese New Year—the Year of the Snake. On the U.N. side of the line, G.I.s had time to wonder whether this would be the year when the Red snake in Korea would be crushed under the heel of a more determined U.S.

In the operations shack of Seoul airport, a stocky little U.S. first lieutenant checked over his flight papers and manifest, then turned to leave. He zipped up his blue nylon flight jacket and cracked. "One more milk run." It was an old phrase that was being heard more and more. He clamped a cold and soggy cigar butt between his teeth, and strode out across the apron toward his big, twin-boom C-119 Flying Box Car for another round trip to Japan. There was no telling how many more he would make.

In a heavily sandbagged bunker, a regimental commander in a crack U.S. division leaned against a supporting beam, took off his helmet, ran his fingers through matted grey-blond hair. "If we can get through the enemy," he said, "it will be a long, slow job and it will cost us plenty. We'll have to burn and blast him out with flamethrowers and demolition grenades. And we'll need a lot more here than we've got now. In this war it's too late for any lightning offensives."

A Marine Corps major put it another way: "We just don't know how strong the enemy is. The people who have been running the war haven't let us find out. The way we have to hit him now, with platoon- or company-size attacks, the going is damned rough and bloody. But if somebody would give the word and really let us hit him . . ." The major shrugged and left the sentence unfinished.

A platoon leader bound for a short leave in Japan, and wearing the Purple Heart with cluster, scoffed at the enemy. "I've been into the Communist positions three times in less than a month now. I get the shakes before every attack, but I still think he's weak. His grenades are no good; they bounce around like pieces of lead pipe. They kill some of our guys, sure, but lots of 'em are duds and others don't fragment properly. Lots of their mortar shells are lousy, too. I don't mean that hitting him, really hitting him, will be easy, but I don't think he's nearly so damned rough & tough as he sounds in our own newspapers."

Antidote for Boredom

At Munsan, the U.N. truce base where old notices now curl and yellow on the bulletin boards, some 200 marooned U.S. officers and men have found various ways to alleviate boredom since the Panmunjom talks were broken off last October. The latest (in addition to cards, pingpong, movies, basketball, pheasant hunting in the nearby hills and sleeping): assembling toy trains from kits sent from Japan.

FOREIGN NEWS

KENYA

Frontier War

Kenya last week was like Dakota Territory in the days of Sitting Bull (*foruit* 1876). Painted savages chanted blood-curdling oaths, swooped down on lonely farmsteads to burn and scalp. The white settlers and their wives ate and slept with pistols at their sides; their vigilante posses, using native trackers, were supported by a battalion of British regulars, rushed to Kenya to face the same kind of tribal uprising that the U.S. cavalry crushed in the Old West.

In the desert outpost of Kapenguria, the Queen's lawyers proceeded in slow, judicial fashion against Jomo ("Burning Spear") Kenyatta, the London-educated Kikuyu who, settlers believe, is the brains behind the Mau Mau. Meanwhile, another tribesman had emerged as leader of the Mau Mau guerrillas, Dedam Kimathi, 30, is a scrawny Kikuyu with a ragged black beard, a scar on his left cheek, and the middle finger missing from his huge left hand. He was once a clerk for Kenya's Shell Oil Co.; before that, he taught school. Last month a terrified African schoolboy, hiding in the rhino-haunted woods near famed Treetops Hotel,* saw his old teacher hack off the head of a Kikuyu forest guard with a *panga* knife. Kimathi tied the severed head to his belt, then loped off into the jungle at the head of his band of 40 Mau Maus. The Kenya government has offered £500 reward for Kimathi's capture.

Kenya's white settlers blame Kimathi for the recent murder of Planter Roger Ruck, his wife and six-year-old son, hacked to pieces as they strolled in their garden in their pajamas. One white policeman, a friend of the Rucks, is flushing the jungle alone, determined to get Kimathi.

The settlers plan to evict all Kikuyus from a five-mile-wide buffer zone surrounding the 12,000-ft. Aberdare Mountains—the Mau Mau stronghold. By creating a Malaya-style dead zone, patrolled day & night, the planters hope to deprive the Mau Mau of food, weapons and recruits, ultimately starve them into submission. The trouble with eviction is that the settlers themselves depend on the Kikuyus to harvest their crops, dig their wells and cook their food.

Yet eviction is underway. Thousands of Kikuyus are being bundled into boxcars and shipped to overcrowded reserves, even sitting on car roofs with arms linked so as not to fall off. One transit camp is a barbed-wire enclosure on Nakuru race course, where evicted Kukes are huddled together in the horses' stalls. Kenya's jails are already overflowing with an estimated 20,000 Kukes.

* The hotel, built in a commodious fig tree, where Queen Elizabeth was staying when her father died, leaving her the throne (TIME, Feb. 18, 1957).

GREAT BRITAIN

Same Old Charming

Floor captains and wine stewards the world over were invariably impressed with tall, greying, debonair, 38-year-old Norman Morton-Stewart. "His usual lunch bill was around £18 (\$50)," said an awed headwaiter in Birmingham last week. Even Norman's pretty young (29) wife whom he invariably introduced as "Lady Barbara," was overawed by her husband, the manager of a local travel bureau, and also somewhat vague about the source of his wealth. "He used to tell me he had inherited a huge fortune in America from an uncle," she said. "His father was a



NORMAN MORTON-STEWART & WIFE
A pound-o-minute bloke.

very big man too, and his aunts had a large estate in Scotland." From the time they first met three years ago, Barbara had been too much in love to ask questions, and she scarcely batted an eye when Morton-Stewart told friends that their son was heir to a dukedom.

Two months ago, Barbara Morton-Stewart began to get a broader insight into her husband's nature and finances when he suddenly vanished from Birmingham, leaving her with a large staff of unpaid servants, a mountain of unpaid bills, and a tender note saying: "My darling Baba, I shall always love you. I am terribly sorry."

As newspaper reporters dug into the mystery of the missing glamour boy, at least one other equally smitten wife emerged from the past. "It wasn't until after our marriage was annulled that I learned he'd been married earlier to an American girl," said the ex-Mrs. Morton-Stewart. "I ran into him a year ago, and he took me out to lunch—champagne, a

whole chicken, liqueurs. Even while I called him a dirty dog, he smiled into my eyes. He was still the same old charmer."

Meanwhile, as his past unfolded in the press, Refugee Morton-Stewart was blazing a glittering, champagne-splashed trail. In Paris, he enchanted the café set with a series of brilliant parties at a little *bistro* in the Rue Pierre Charron. But when detectives, spurred on by the travel agency, in Birmingham, arrived to check up on "the gay Englishman," he had disappeared. The travel agency did not say why they wanted Morton-Stewart, only that they were "most anxious to trace him." It was not hard. Soon afterward he checked into Rome's Hotel Excelsior as Horace Albert Hall. He stayed only long enough (a week) to woo and win a pretty young Italian widow, then left her in the lurch and sped on.

In Cairo, Colombo and Singapore he flashed ready cash, picked up all tabs, made a host of new friends, and moved on to Sydney, Australia. There he registered (as Hall) in the leading hotel and began entertaining lavishly. "The pound-a-minute bloke," his new friends called him. To the more sympathetic of them, Norman occasionally showed a picture of his wife, "My darling Barbara," he would say, "she died ten months ago." Sydney's ladies gave their sympathies. One of them was only too happy to have her picture taken with Morton-Stewart at a fashionable nightclub. The picture in the papers brought the detectives on the run, but once again, Morton-Stewart was too quick for them. Leaving his dress clothes, his silk and nylon shirts and his handmade shoes behind, he fled.

Last week, at the end of the line—in the mining town of Kalgoorlie on the very edge of the great Australian desert—detectives at last caught up with Norman Morton-Stewart. He was down to his last eleven shillings eightpence ha'penny. Charged with vagrancy and clapped into a tin-roofed jail that crawled with cockroaches, he put in a collect call to England. "Darling!" cooed his faithful Lady Barbara. "Don't worry about anything! When are you coming home?"

PAKISTAN

Bristling, Beset Nation

Pakistan complained to the U.N. last week that it "faces an unparalleled threat—starvation by a process of slow strangulation." The stranger, said Pakistan, is its neighbor, India. The process: depriving 76 million persons of the waters of the Indus basin, by which they live.

Pakistan's complaint is the latest of a series of bickerings that have kept Hindu and Moslem in a state of near-war ever since the British raj departed in 1947. And like most feuds between India and Pakistan, its roots reached back to partition—to the ingenious, twisting line drawn by Britain's Sir Cyril (later Lord) Rad-

cliffe to divide India (pop. 350 million) from the widely separated halves of the Dominion of Pakistan: East Bengal (pop. 42 million), in the steamy Ganges Delta, and West Pakistan (pop. 33.5 million), a rain-starved country bigger than Texas. The Radcliffe line roughly separated Hindu from Moslem, but in doing so it came close to wrecking the economy of the entire subcontinent. Pakistan got the jute and most of the cotton; India kept the jute mills and most of the coal. Even more important, India and Kashmir control the headstreams of the five great rivers that water Pakistan's granary: the fertile Punjab.

Charge & Countercharge. Pakistan, like Egypt, lives by irrigation: its rivers are its life. When the Punjab's canals yield plentiful water, Pakistani peasants harvest three good crops a year; when the canals run dry, the peasants are apt to starve. Pakistan's complaint is that India has dried up eleven vital canals by diverting water from the Punjab headstreams to its irrigation schemes.

At the time of partition, Pakistanis were among the few Asians with an assured food supply. Yet today their bread is rationed, and the government has been forced to buy 650,000 tons of wheat from Canada, Russia, India and the U.S. India dismisses the food shortage as the product of bad husbandry, inefficient distribution and a scourge of locusts; the hungry Pakistanis are sure that their richer, more powerful neighbor is intent on starving them out.

The Seeds of War. Cabled TIME Correspondent Joe David Brown from Karachi:

There is danger here. One does not have to see the flame blackened shops looted in last month's rioting to realize it. Whatever the immediate cause of the rioting or the degree of its exploitation by Communists and others, what matters is that the riots are a symptom of the anger and deep uneasiness felt by millions of peasants, most of them underfed, underhoused and underpaid. After five years of hard work to carve out a new homeland, the Pakistanis face alarming economic ills. And rightly or wrongly, they blame India.

The bitterness between India and Pakistan is a frightening thing which grows from day to day, sometimes from hour to hour. Newspapers of both sides report minor frontier clashes as major engagements, so that invasion seems imminent. Politicians remind their listeners of those terror-filled days in 1947, when 12 million Hindus and Moslems were uprooted from their homes, and perhaps another million (the exact figure may never be known) were massacred under conditions of unbelievable brutality. In five years since partition, neither country has solved the problems of this mass dislocation: each has millions—perhaps 8,000,000 between them—penned in refugee camps, a serious health problem and a drain on slender resources.

Then there is Kashmir, the coveted

Himalayan state which both sides have snarled over ever since independence. Bystanders wonder whether Kashmir (pop. 4,000,000) is worth all the sound and fury, but to Pakistan especially it is the symbol of all other rivalries. In one way or another, Kashmir is probably costing India 50% of its budget. Pakistan may be spending as much as 65% to keep its claim alive.

It is an expense that the Pakistanis can ill afford. Already there are signs that the moderate government of roly-poly Prime Minister Khwaja Nazimuddin may be overwhelmed. In fact, the newborn na-



James B. Lee—UPI
PRIME MINISTER NAZIMUDDIN
From hour to hour, a frightening thing.

tion has not yet decided what kind of government it wants to live under.

Starting from Scratch. When the late Mohammed Ali Jinnah, the patron saint of Pakistan, arrived in Karachi in 1947 to set up the Moslem state for which he had labored so long, he started from scratch. In the government buildings there was nothing but bare walls and a few rickety tables—no chairs, no typewriters, no files or filing system. Telephones were luxuries, and at first government orders were passed back and forth on scraps of paper; there were no bookkeepers, stenographers or clerks, for the simple reason that, in British India, Moslems were fighters and farmers but never office workers. That was a job for Hindus.

About the only thing Pakistan did have in good supply was people. Fortunately, among them were a few able men who knew government and how to train administrators. Somehow they put a government together and gave it enough meaning to hold together. They were

forced to skip a few things in those hurried early days—among them, a constitution. Last month Pakistan's five-year-old Constituent Assembly began to debate a "Basic Principles Report" that will be used as a guide for constitution-making. Best bet: a democratic republic with a strong executive, outside the British Commonwealth.

Its two halves separated by 1100 miles, condemned by partition to hold a 4,000-mile frontier against Russia, China, Burma, Afghanistan, Iran and India, Pakistan makes sense as a nation only because it feels itself a nation. Its cocksureness could set a subcontinent on fire. Yet one thing seems certain: now that they have a country of their own, Pakistan's Moslems will defend it to the last gasp.

FRANCE

Individual Judgment

In Alsace one day last week, a restaurant owner publicly tore off his Legion of Honor ribbon, the French flag was flown at half-mast, army reserve officers sent in their military papers, lawyers refused to appear in court, and church bells tolled—all in protest against the verdict of a French military court 350 miles away in Bordeaux. Among the 20 former SS soldiers found guilty that morning of having taken part in the massacre of 642 men, women & children at Oradour-sur-Glane in 1944 (TIME, Jan. 26) were 14 Alsatians. Mostly youths of about 17 at the time of the massacre, all but two had been pressed into German service against their will, their lawyers said.

In Bordeaux, Judge Marcel Nussy Saint-Saëns (nephew of the composer) had delayed his verdict until 1 a.m. to avoid a public demonstration of quite another kind. There, not far from the desolate ruin of Oradour, feeling had run high all month long as witnesses told of the grisly mass murder. Paris newspapers had built the story up into one of the year's great controversies; it proved particularly timely, as a reminder of past German cruelties, for politicians who oppose a European army will wear the same uniform. The verdict: death for SS Sergeant Georges-René Boos (a Frenchman) and Karl Lenz (a German), sentences from five to twelve years for 18 others, including the Alsatians.

GERMANY

Ragtag Reminders

For a month Germans had been fretting over what they called exaggerated U.S. and British reports of resurgent Nazism in West Germany. Last week their own government dispatched police into Hamburg and Bremen to round up key men in a blatantly Nazi movement called the German Free Corps.

Eleven were arrested and a twelfth warrant was issued for one already in custody—Dr. Gustav Scheel, former Nazi Gauleiter for Salzburg, who was one of

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Kurt Rohwedder

HELMUTH BECK-BROICHSITTER

In the beer halls, penny-whistle Hitlers.

seven ex-Nazi bigwigs jailed by the British last month on charges of "plotting to regain power" in West Germany. Among those newly arrested are four of the known leaders of the *Freikorps Deutschland*, a semimilitary, anti-Jewish, anti-Catholic and anti-Masonic organization that was formed in 1951. The jailed leaders: Hermann Lämp, an unreconstructed ex-SS sergeant; Helmuth Beck-Broichsitter, onetime major in the *Grossdeutschland* Division, who is also the chairman of a strutting veterans' organization called *Bruderschaft*; Alfred Frauenfeld, pre-*Anschluss* Nazi leader in Vienna; Eberhard Hawranke, ex-Brownshirt.

The Free Corps members (somewhere between 1,000 and 2,000) swore fresh fealty to Adolf Hitler, took their oaths on a copy of *Mein Kampf*, insisted that the rightful leader of Germany is Admiral Karl Doenitz, Hitler's designated heir, who still has three more years to pay in Spandau prison for his war crimes. A threadbare, ragtag lot, the *Freikorps* met, often in groups of 150, in beer halls, and talked of a Nazi government in West Germany, "possibly by 1957." Unlike the group arrested by the British, which was clever enough to realize that neo-Nazis must avoid the obvious Nazi trappings, the *Freikorps* deliberately set out to be penny-whistle Hitlers. As such, they were a laughable lot—except to a world that once laughed over the doings in a Munich beer cellar.

Back Insurance

The Civic Theater of Mannheim on the Rhine, in the U.S. zone of Germany, was enjoying a fine season until the time came to rehearse the next play in the repertory: Arthur Koestler's powerfully anti-Communist *Darkness at Noon*.

Actor Gerhard Just, billed for the leading role of the purged Bolshevik Rubashov, grumbled uncomfortably that the play was "unsuitable." The whole cast refused to appear for rehearsals. Company Manager Hans Schueler thought he knew

the trouble: his performers were not necessarily Communists—they were simply taking out *Rückversicherung*, which literally means "back insurance." This is the German word for the Russian, if it should come. There are many varieties of *Rückversicherung*: wealthy Hamburg businessmen who keep yachts fueled and supplied for quick getaways; non-Communist Germans who carry Communist Party cards just in case; Ruhr industrialists who protect their eastern plants by buying expensive advertising in Communist newspapers.

Manager Schueler refused to release his actors from their contracts, but did give each a little *Rückversicherung*: a letter acknowledging that the actor had "left nothing untried" to avoid performing in the play.

Still the actors took no chances; on opening night last week, they went out of the way to give unconvincing performances. Just's Rubashov, snapped a critic, was "a melancholy Don Quixote of the Revolution," and the rest of the actors were only "bearers of cues." Detmold's Red newspaper, *Volks-Echo*, lambasted the cast and said with a snarl: "Its resistance broke down easily before the propaganda offerings of the Fascist warmongers." Even in taking out Red insurance policies, the actors found themselves refused. The reason given by the insurance company: weak hearts.

GREECE

Friends In, Phase Out

After barely three months in office, Greece's bald, immaculate and dour new Premier, Marshal Alexander Papagos, had reason to be optimistic last week. Items:

¶ The country's economy is picking up; the budget is almost balanced.

¶ The galloping cost-of-living has been arrested, and the black-market price of drachmas is down 15%.

¶ Greece's chronic trade deficit is only one-fifth of what it was in 1951.

¶ The 160,000-man army is in top fighting trim, with 500,000 men in reserve four years after its costly but victorious war against the Communists.

¶ A full member of NATO, Greece is about to sign mutual-defense pacts with a friendly Turkey and Yugoslavia.

But the most important single fact is that, after 26 cabinet changes in seven years, Greece has a government with a solid enough majority (239 out of 300 seats) to avoid compromising its program. Said Papagos: "We will be here for the next four years, just like my friend President General Eisenhower. There will be no more changing of governments every six months. We have a clear plan for Greece, and we will carry it through."

As an old soldier, 70-year-old Premier Papagos spends much of his time looking to his country's defenses. The man who looks to Greece's economic and financial affairs is intense little Spyros Markezinis, chief theorist of Papagos' Greek Rally Party. Markezinis' program: 1) reorgan-

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ization of overlapping government ministries; 2) decentralization of government from Athens. By ordering a merger of the national bank and the bank of Athens last month, Markezinis aroused the ire of shareholders, but, when effective, the merger will reduce the number of bank clerks by 2,000. In his reorganization of ministries, he plans to drop 15,000 bureaucrats from the government payroll, thus balance the budget.

"Sure, people voted for Papagos," growled a Greek last week, "but did they get Papagos? No, they got Markezinis." Tiny (5 ft. 2 in.) Spyros Markezinis, at 44, is the new force in Greek government. A onetime palace lawyer and minor resistance leader who worked hard for the return of King George II, he served as Papagos' chief deputy when the Greek Rally Party was in opposition. In his office he chain-smokes gold-initialed cigarettes



SPYROS MARKEZINIS

"American aid cannot go on forever."

and chain-drinks Turkish coffee, talks cheerfully, optimistically and incessantly. One of Greece's chess masters, he plays a brilliant, passionate, impatient game. Two years ago he spoke hardly a word of English; last week he rattled off a fine-sounding sentence: "We shall be obliged to take unpopular measures for the simple reason that American aid cannot go on forever and we must become self-sufficient..."

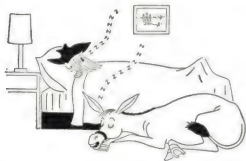
Satisfied that the U.S.'s \$2.2 billion investment in postwar Greece is in good hands, U.S. agencies in Athens are preparing to "phase out." Ambassador John Peurifoy advised Washington that the 500-man U.S. military mission, the 160-man U.S. economic mission, and the 100-man embassy staff could be cut 50%, leaving the Greeks to run their own country. In his office on Athens' Constitution Square, Marshal Papagos penned a letter to Oslo nominating ex-President Harry Truman for the Nobel Peace Prize for the working of the Truman Doctrine.



1. Desert Dan was hot and tired, he'd traveled far enough. Said he, "I'm awful sick of sand, this life is mighty rough. Please show me to the Statler, I only want the best. So I'm headin' for the Statler where you really are a guest."



2. "This water hole is no mirage," said Dan in Statler's tub. "There's lots of steaming water here in which to soak and rub." The desert dirt was soon dissolved and there was Dapper Dan with lots of soap and snowy towels—a clean and happy man.



3. Out of the finest bath he'd had, Dan stepped and saw his bed. "The softest bed I've seen," he breathed, and that was all he said. For he was in a Statler bed! A sound and dreamless sleep was his until the morning came. His snores soared loud and deep.



4. When Dan awoke, he spoke once more, "I've had a bed and tub, but now the time has come for me to have some Statler grub. 'Oh, boy,' said Dan, as he cleaned up the last bite on his plate. 'It's Statler every time for me. The food is really great."



5. "I've no more use for maps and mules. The Statler's so darn near to shows and shops and business, too. My future plan is clear, I'm settlin' down at Statler. I'm sure you'll all agree you strike gold at the Statler. It's the only place to be!"



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MEXICO

World's Fanciest Campus

On a boulder-strewn lava plain outside Mexico City, 10,000 workmen, artists and engineers labored last week to finish Mexico's biggest single construction job since the building of the Halls of Montezuma (circa 1500). For the 401-year-old University of Mexico, North America's oldest university,² they were creating a handsome, ultramodern University City, spectacularly expressive of the new, post-revolutionary Mexico. Scheduled for occupancy early next year, the dazzling, \$50 million University City is the most up-to-date college campus anywhere.

For generations, the University of Mexico had been a typical European-style collection of colleges scattered among downtown colonial monuments: the law school occupied a former convent, the medical faculty the Spanish Inquisition's old headquarters, the art school a onetime leper hospital. In 1948, the university's most powerful alumnus, President Miguel Alemán (Law, '28), decided that the 28,000 students needed a brand-new home—a U.S.-style campus complete with dormitories and a football stadium. A group of faculty and student architects submitted the winning design. Finally, in 1950, Alemán named Architect Carlos Lazo, 38, to take overall charge of the work.

Next Year's Car. Under Lazo's driving direction, a team of 156 architects and the country's best painters, sculptors and designers pitched in. Mexico's famed mural-

ists for once muted their revolutionary messages and joined happily in experiments with giant outdoor mosaics.

The result is as modern as next year's car and as variegated as a Mexican market scene. Near the entrance looms an impressionistic statue of ex-President Alemán which bore such an odd resemblance to Joseph Stalin (see cut) that the sculptor had to do some retouching. Within the grounds a shell-roofed cosmic-ray laboratory shows the functional influence; translucent marble towers follow the "international" style of French architect Le Corbusier; glass-studded classroom cupolas renew the familiar form of the Spanish colonial. But all bear—in color, in texture, in decoration or design—the authentic Aztec mark of Mexico.

The handsome, new 110,000-seat stadium was literally built like Mexico's pyramids. To have built it wholly of concrete would have created a national cement shortage. Lazo got the idea of scooping back the volcanic rubble on the site into two great mounds, and laying a concrete oval shell on the cavity between. The job, carried out in 15 months, cost about one-fourth that of a concrete stadium. And because most of the oval's seats are located on the two tall slopes, most of the spectators can watch the university's football team from reasonably near the 50-yd. line. On the stadium's sloping outside walls, Diego Rivera is now executing a three-dimensional frieze of acid-painted stones. This "sculpture painting" depicts the history of Mexican sport from Mayan handball to gringo baseball.

The Old & the Older. A group of *fron-ton* courts, strikingly similar in line and color to the ancient pyramids near by, seem even closer to Mexico's Indian past. Actually, the structures are made largely of concrete, and the local volcanic rock is used merely as a coating. A far more striking blending of Indian and international is Architect-Muralist Juan O'Gorman's magnificent windowless library (see opposite page). O'Gorman, son of an Irish father and Mexican mother, has decorated the four sides of his tower with vast and vivid mosaics pairing heraldic symbols of Mexico's Mediterranean and Middle American pasts, the feathered serpent of Quetzalcoatl and the cross of Cortés.

For engineering students, there are laboratories big enough to hold any kind of model machinery; for demonstration lectures, there is a whole building full of amphitheaters; for the humanities, there is a three-story, ruler-shaped structure 1,000 ft. long.

In such quarters, the ancient university is sure to change drastically. It already has. Once a cloister for seminarians, later a hotbed of middle-class anticlericals, the University of Mexico has become since the 1910 revolution a center of mass-produced higher education. Its doors are open to anyone with certain minimum secondary-school marks and \$20 a year tuition money. More & more it resembles the big U.S. state universities at which so

many of its faculty leaders have been trained. Overwhelmingly conservative nowadays, the students, men & women alike, seem mainly concerned with the practical business of preparing for their vocations as lawyer, doctor or engineer.

Toward the Ivory Tower? With its traditions of self-government and academic independence, the university is likely to hold its commanding position in the Latin American intellectual world. Some 5,000 non-Mexicans enroll each year in its 15 colleges. But it is a big question whether the university's prestige will persuade the distinguished Mexico City lawyers, physicians and businessmen who now comprise almost 90% of the faculty to continue as part-time professors at a nominal fee of about \$10 a month, after the university moves eleven miles away from their courts, hospitals and board rooms. These men, whose respect for the prestige of being on the university faculty has enabled the institution to operate on a ridiculously small budget, have largely set its tone. They attract to themselves personal disciples, who sit at their feet much as students sat at the feet of great scholars in medieval universities.

This side of academic life may now tend to disappear. The university expects to establish a full-time faculty. The cost is bound to be heavy. Just to maintain the new campus will take more than the university's present \$3,000,000 annual budget. To make a go of the University City, the administration will need almost three times the sum it receives now from the national treasury. In Mexico, as elsewhere, the cost of education is going up.



ARCHITECT O'GORMAN
An authentic mark.



ALEMÁN STATUE
An odd resemblance.

² The U.S.'s oldest: Harvard (1636).



UNIVERSITY CITY Rising from an ancient lava bed just south of Mexico City is Juan O'Gorman's monolithic poolside library, one of the dominant features of the new University of Mexico campus. This striking combination of old and new—the Aztec symbols in his rich mosaic murals and the clean, straight lines

of modern architecture—sets the pattern for the whole project: a happy blending of Indian, Spanish Colonial and modern cultures. The rest of the campus shows the same bold integration of architecture, painting, sculpture, mosaic work and landscape planning, designed and executed by a team of more than 150 of the country's outstanding artists and engineers.



Concrete Domes on engineering building admit diffused light through tiny glass apertures. Center rear: glass-sheathed administration tower.





FRONTON COURTS with thick walls of lava stone were designed to suggest truncated pyramids of the ancient Indian Court of Teotihuacán.



RIPPLING CONTOUR of visual-education building in science group emphasizes the sloping floors in a series of seven classroom amphitheatres.



OLYMPIC STADIUM, seating 110,000, is shaped to resemble a volcano's crater. At left: Diego Rivera's "sculpture painting" of Mexican sports.



CHÁVEZ MORADO MURAL on science building represents god of wisdom and varied sources of Mexican culture.

SIGÜENZA MURAL on administration building shows students returning to nation the fruits of their studies.



HAITI

Valley of Hope

Atop a flag-decked stand at Canneau one day last week, President Paul Magloire cocked his aluminum safety helmet at a rakish angle and pushed a plunger to explode 50 lbs. of dynamite, the first blast in the construction of Haiti's \$31 million Little TVA in the Artibonite Valley (TIME, Jan. 12).^{*} A small boy in the crowd of 2,000, expecting something downright atomic, heard the muffled whoom and muttered, "Pas bon [no good]."

In the island valley are 106,000 peasants, many of whom must still be convinced that President Magloire's favorite project is *bon*. Within 40 months, Haiti will have one of the world's highest buttress dams wedged in Peligre Canyon, 225 ft. high and 1,075 ft. wide, backing up some 328 million cubic meters of water. This water will flow 60 miles to the smaller intake dam at Canneau, where it will be diverted into canals to irrigate 80,000 acres of their land. Yet many black farmers cannot understand the need for the project. Used to primitive subsistence-level farming, they fear any experiment as a possible short cut to starvation; accustomed to being victimized by landowners and loan sharks, they deeply distrust any help offered with seemingly altruistic motives. Their attitude has always been: "If a farm agent knows some better way of farming, why isn't he busy making money at it instead of telling us about it?"

To persuade such skeptics, President Magloire plans to rely mainly on the *gros nègres*, the natural leaders of the rural communities, such as Dorneil Romeus, 23, one of the first sharecroppers to leave five acres at Bois Dehors, the valley's pilot irrigation project. Dorneil netted \$211 on his first bumper rice crop; before, he lived all year on a near-starvation diet and ended up with \$10 cash. Now farmers who know him are eager for the completion of the Artibonite project, so that they can follow his example. Reclaiming, leveling and watering the entire 80,000 acres will require at least nine years. Haitian agronomists estimate. But by that time, they hope to have the valley sown with such diverse crops as cereals, vegetables, peanuts, kenaf, tobacco and cotton. Like Dorneil, other Haitian farmers will be able to rebuild their wattle & daub huts, buy new clothes and send their children to school for the first time.

COLOMBIA

New Constitution

After six months of debate, the Commission of Constitutional Studies, made up of members of Colombia's ruling Conservative Party, last week produced a draft of a new national constitution. The Liberals, who had refused to take part in the studies, charged that the Conservatives had set up a stacked deck to keep themselves in power forever.

By tinkering with 98 of the 218 articles of the old constitution, drawn up by Congress jointly financed by the U.S. Export-Import Bank (\$14 million) and the Haitian government

servative Hero Miguel Antonio Caro in 1886, the commission planned to extend the President's term from four to six years and give him dictatorial emergency powers. He could declare a state of siege, fire almost anybody from public or private jobs, quash impeachments and decree laws that the supreme court could not



PRESIDENT MAGLOIRE
The "gros nègres" showed the way.

nullify. The constitution would establish the Roman Catholic Church as the state religion, permit Protestants to worship in their churches or other private places, but not to proselyte.

PARAGUAY

Winner & Still President

On election day this week, Paraguay's President Federico Chaves puffed his black cigars and puttered about his two-story house on a jacaranda-shaded street in Asunción. Don Federico could celebrate his 71st birthday and his second presidential victory with calm assurance, for it was a one-man election. Paraguay's fourth since 1948.^{*} Through the day, most of the 200,000 registered voters dutifully visited the polls (under threat of fine) to cast their ballots for him as the candidate of the *Colorados*, the country's only legal political party.

Almost by default, Chaves has become boss of one of the Americas' most complete dictatorships. After the presidency had changed hands four times in a year, Chaves, a self-educated lawyer and life-long politico, engineered a coup that put bumbling Dr. Felipe Molas López, a 50-year-old dentist, in power in 1949. But even Don Federico could not stand the dentist long; in another coup, he installed himself as President. That was enough coups, he decided; next year he had himself elected.

This week, as his second elected term

began, Don Federico found his country little changed. Smugglers were running much of the nation's cattle across the border into Brazil to escape unrealistic price controls on beef. Bureaucrats were selling illegal import and export licenses. And the important quebracho, tobacco and cotton trade with Argentina was log-jammed against Juan Perón's nationalistic economy. Now exiles have become Paraguay's principal export; of the 1,500,000 population, more than 100,000 (some estimates run up to 500,000) are refugees abroad. Most are members of the out-of-power Liberal (i.e., conservative) Party.

With Don Federico and his self-proclaimed doctrine of Spiritual Peace, Paraguay is somewhat better off than during the period of bloody revolutions (27 between 1904 and 1947). But the country is still on its knees, with no immediate prospects of getting on its feet.

BRAZIL

The Runaway Colonel

One night last October, police knocked on the door of a modest house in the back-country capital of Belo Horizonte. A scrawny, nervous man in pajamas opened the door. He was Olimpio Ferraz de Carvalho, a retired colonel of the Brazilian army, and his name was high on the list of some 22 officers and men in the area suspected of being key agents in Communist infiltration in the Brazilian army. The pro-Communist editor of an influential army journal, until finally booted from the job, Ferraz de Carvalho was president of the Communist-front Committee for World Peace in Belo Horizonte. Faced with the police, the ex-colonel stood on his military dignity, excused himself to change out of his pajamas. Instead, he jumped out the bedroom window and fled down a back alley.

Tipped off last week that the Belo Horizonte peace movement planned a quiet meeting to re-elect the colonel as president, police called in army men and set a joint trap. When the colonel scurried in to join five former leaders of the outlawed Communist Party, the cops arrested the Reds and closed in on the colonel. Shouting "I will not leave here alive," he fell back. The cops, not too sure about collaring colonels, also fell back. For three hours they stood guard until the local garrison commander was finally found at an afternoon movie. "Remove him by force, if necessary!" he roared.

Before a large crowd, infantrymen bore the kicking, screaming colonel out the door and off to military prison, where he faces trial and a possible three-year jail sentence. The army announced that it would henceforth issue communiques to disown the retired "pajama" officers who have served as military dressing for Communist-front platforms. Justice Minister Negrão de Lima ordered police to ban all further "peace" meetings. "Evidence indicates," he said, "that notorious Communists are found among virtually all peace committees. These peace movements are merely a pretext for Communist propaganda."

^{*} Last incidental election with more than one candidate was in 1928.



United Press

MAMIE EISENHOWER & FRIENDS®
With yellow roses, blue irises and music by the Marines.

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In Mexico City, former U.S. Ambassador **William O'Dwyer** announced what was expected: he is going to remain south of the border—far from New York City and any embarrassing grand-jury questions on his administration of the city. Señor O'Dwyer explained that shortly before retiring as ambassador he had asked for and received the status of immigrant to Mexico. As such, he will keep his U.S. citizenship. His new job: partner in a local law firm in the capacity of "legal advisor," since only Mexican citizens may actually practice law. Meanwhile, ecclesiastical law was moving toward a decision on O'Dwyer's separation from **Sloan Simpson**. The archbishop of Mexico announced that steps were being taken to have the marriage annulled.

In Korea, Marine Captain **Ted Williams**, former Boston Red Sox slugging outfielder, finished his first combat mission as a jet pilot. In a 200-plane strike at a Red supply center near Pyongyang, Williams' Panther jet was struck by ground fire, and started to blaze. With a dead radio, wing flaps and wheels stuck and the airspeed indicator out, he nursed his jet back to the nearest forward air base, where he walked away from a crash landing. Said he: "There was nothing to do but belly in . . ."

The federal parole board in Washington denied parole requests from Gambler **Frank Costello**, in prison in Milan, Mich. serving 18 months for contempt of Congress, and **Benjamin Davis**, one of the eleven top U.S. Communist leaders, serving five years at Terre Haute, Ind.

A Washington reporter was interested in how **John L. Lewis** celebrated his 73rd birthday, but Old Miner Lewis was not interested in talking. He took the morning off (a fairly unusual occurrence),

showed up in the office during the afternoon to clean up his desk, and at day's end clapped on his hat and departed, keeping his own counsel.

From Vienna came word that a group of dedicated Czech artists were hard at work on a heroic present for the boss's 75th birthday next year: a 90-ft. statue of **Joseph Stalin** in pink stone.

In Washington, First Lady **Mamie Eisenhower** was hostess at her first official luncheon. The guests: wives of Cabinet members (except Mrs. John Foster Dulles, who was ill) and ladies of rank in the new Administration. After lunch in the State dining room (brilliant with yellow roses, white snapdragons, blue irises and that old standby from the botanical gardens, Baker fern) with music by the Marine band's orchestra, the ladies lined up for a smiling record of the party.

Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong arrived in Chicago for a theater engagement with his usual load of patent medicines and some ready advice for ill sufferers. Said he: "People wouldn't have flu at all if they'd watch the gargle and the eye-wash and drink plenty of Pluto water."

A onetime landmark in Bridgeport, Conn., was marked for demolition by a real-estate developer: the full-size house with doll-size furnishings built in 1863 for the 31-in.-high circus midget **Tom Thumb**, who gained world fame and fortune with Circus Tycoon **P. T. Barnum**.

® Front row: Mrs. Martin Dinkin, Mrs. Douglas McKay, Mrs. Richard Nixon, Mamie, Mrs. Charles E. Wilson, Mrs. Herbert Brownell, Mrs. Harold Stassen. Back row: Mrs. Sinclair Weeks, Mrs. George Humphrey, Oveta Culp Hobby, Mrs. Sherman Adams, Mrs. Arthur Summerfield, Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge, Mrs. Joseph Dodge.

Buckingham Palace announced that **Queen Mother Elizabeth** and **Princess Margaret** will fly by Comet jet airliner from London to Southern Rhodesia next June to open a Cecil Rhodes centenary exhibition.

Track expert **Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt** offered a reason for the healthy economic condition of horse racing: "The mutual ticket is the only thing that has not gone up in price. It still sells for \$2."

Sofiano Maria Meneghini Callas, 29-year-old Brooklyn-born U.S. citizen and currently undisputed prima donna of Italian opera, signed a contract last month to make her U.S. debut in *La Traviata* at the Metropolitan. Last week she canceled the contract. Reason: a clause which provided that her husband Giovanni Battista Meneghini, an industrialist, would make the trip with her. The clause could not be fulfilled, despite the efforts of Metropolitan **Rudolf Bing**. The U.S. Consulate in Venice refused to give Giovanni a visa on the grounds that he could not prove intention to return to Italy.

Palm Beach was titillated by the off-again-on-again marriage plans of **Horace E. Dodge Jr.**, 30-year-old heir of motor millions, who recently settled \$1,000,000 on wife No. 4 so that he could take No. 5 ex-showgirl **Gregg Sherwood**, 26. One of the reported spats occurred around vichyssoise time at lunch one day when Gregg dropped the word that she had supported a Manhattan pressagent to help spread the tidings of her forthcoming wedding. This spoiled lunch for Horace, who snarled: "What am I, a dancer? I want publicity." But on Valentine's Day all was well, and the marriage was on again. Said a mollified Horace: "Miss Sherwood and I will be married as soon as my divorce is registered in Kentucky and the Florida license is granted . . ." After that: a honeymoon trip to Rio de Janeiro and England.



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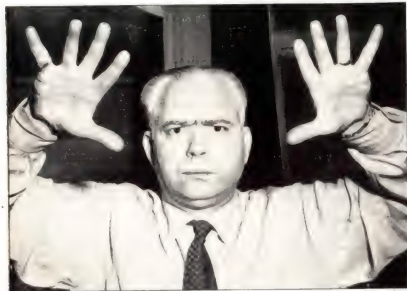
Magnetic Mago

Even more impressive than the number of patients who daily crowd Achille D'Angelo's waiting room in Rome are the names of some of the privileged ones who come by special appointment. For a bad left knee, Arturo Toscanini took ten treatments last summer from D'Angelo, self-styled *Mago di Napoli* (Wizard of Naples), and pronounced the man *formidabile*. Tenor Beniamino Gigli went in to be lifted from his nervous depression, Italy's Queen Maria José once sought D'Angelo's aid for her "weakened optic nerves."

No less an intellectual than the late

cure "all psychic or nervous disorders," such as paralysis, phobias, migraine, insomnia and loss of sight, hearing or speech. Since most such cases are hysterical in origin, he can often help patients who have enough faith in his powers.

D'Angelo himself did not even suspect his powers until he was well into manhood. A poor boy who never got beyond the third grade, he was an acrobat and stilt-walker in a circus until one day in 1934, when he fell off his stilts and broke his skull. When he came to, as he tells it now, he amazed both himself and his nurse by his clairvoyant ability to recite her past. He set himself up in a back



HEALER D'ANGELO

In the Chamber of Hope, a battery of magnetic fluid.

Carlo Sforza yielded this testimonial after treatment for phlebitis: "D'Angelo has proved to me that there are greater forces in the world than we think." Said the Pope's personal physician, Dr. Riccardo Galeazzi-Lisi: "I am struck by his power."

With Waving Arms. Most patients sit in D'Angelo's waiting room (the "Chamber of Hope," he calls it) for hours, exposed to the hypnotic influence of dramatically lit photographs of the pudgy, 45-year-old wizard. When he feels good & ready, D'Angelo bounds into the room and arbitrarily picks the patient he will treat first. The patient faces the wizard across a table, closes his eyes and stretches out his hands, palms down.

D'Angelo stiffens and begins to wave his arms and hands like a Stokowski working over the climax of *Death and Transfiguration*, while the patient describes his sensations. This lasts from ten minutes to half an hour. Then the wizard slumps back in a sweat and pulls himself together to collect a fee of \$16 (but only, he insists, from those who can afford it). With identical treatments, D'Angelo claims to be able to

street as the *Mago di Napoli* and practiced clairvoyance.

With Outstretched Hand. One day a woman seemed about to faint when D'Angelo told her that her missing soldier son had been killed. He reached out a wizardly hand to steady her. Before he could touch her, he claims, she felt the strength of his proffered hand. "Let's try again," he said, and made another gesture. Again the woman felt an invisible but powerful force flowing from his fingertips. Thus, says D'Angelo, he discovered that he was a battery of healing "magnetic fluid."

The *mago* prospered in Naples, but on a tour three years ago he was convicted of practicing medicine without a license. While the case was on appeal (as it still is), he moved to Rome for still greater triumphs. But there, last week, the official Order of Doctors denounced D'Angelo to the public prosecutor for "abusive practice of the profession of medicine . . . [in] a series of acts which, apart from their penal unlawfulness, give open and real offense to science, Rome and Italy."

D'Angelo just laughed. In Rome, he

had been careful to accept only patients who were accompanied or referred by a licensed physician. Among the many doctors who had sent the wizard cases was the papal physician, Galeazzi-Lisi. Chuckled D'Angelo: "If they do this to me, they'll have to file against all the doctors who sent me my patients."

Skin-Deep Sex Test

When doctors tackle a patient with mixed-up sex, e.g., pseudohermaphroditism (TIME, Dec. 15), they are often faced with a cruel dilemma. The child is likely to be a boy whose masculinity was not evident at birth, so he has been reared as a girl. It is one thing, and fairly simple, to operate and make him what nature originally intended, but the social readjustment from girlhood to boyhood is forbiddingly difficult. The less common cases of girls mistaken for boys are just as tough.

A Canadian believes that he has solved the diagnostic problem in human intersex. All human cells, says Dr. Murray L. Barr of the University of Western Ontario, contain something called sex chromatin. It is easy to spot in females' cells, because there it is made from two husky X chromosomes. It is not seen in male cells, because they draw on only one X chromosome and a measly little Y chromosome.

A tiny specimen of outer skin, taken painlessly, is enough to show the true chromosomal sex of any individual. Dr. Barr told Toronto's Academy of Medicine. If doctors suspect a sex mixup in a baby, this test should be made at once, he urged so that operations to straighten things out can be performed early. Even more important, the child can be reared from the start as a member of its rightful sex.

Capsules

¶ Because they do not get enough protein in their diet between weaning and the age at which they can forage for themselves, countless children in Asia, Africa and South America suffer from *kwashiorkor* (a West African word meaning red boy). Capetown's Dr. John F. Brock reported in Manhattan. Fed mainly on manioc gruel, they are stunted and their skin and hair lose pigment, making them look reddish or grey. For short-term relief, U.N. agencies are supplying thousands of tons of dried skim milk rich in protein. But, in the long run, said Dr. Brock, these primitive peoples must be taught to feed their children beans, which they can raise.

¶ Two out of three people in the U.S. have no dentist, said Public Health Service Consultant Frank F. Law; there are 700 million undrilled cavities, 300 million teeth that need to be pulled, and not nearly enough dentists to do the job.

¶ Lozenges containing benzocaine and trade-named Flavettes helped three-quarters of his patients cut down smoking and still keep their weight down. Dr. William L. Gould of Albany, N. Y., reports. Since the lozenges also contain licorice, ginger and oils of anise, wintergreen, coriander and cloves, they naturally spoil the appetite for tobacco and food as well.

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RELIGION

Pastor v. Presbytery

When St. Paul told the Christians of Corinth that "the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life,"¹⁰ he was using inspiring language. But, as his successors soon found out, without the letter of Christianity, which includes church doctrine as well as Holy Writ, the spirit would have a hard time getting itself heard and handed down. It is a fact, however, that letter and spirit, despite the best intentions, often get in each other's way. So they did last week in Chapel Hill, N.C.

For the last twelve years, the Rev. Charles Miles Jones, 46, has been pastor of the Chapel Hill Presbyterian Church. He is one of the most popular pastors the



Whitson-Moulton

CHAPEL HILL'S JONES
He raised Southern eyebrows.

church has ever had. His short, conversational sermons on basic ethical problems attract such large crowds that an extra service has had to be added to the church's Sunday schedule. He has even built up a following among University of North Carolina undergraduates.

As a man whose friends call him "the finest Christian in the community," Pastor Jones has strong views about race segregation. He likes Negroes to come to his church, and this policy, even in "liberal" Chapel Hill (pop. 9,177), has raised many Southern eyebrows. One night in 1948, after he had given shelter to some Negroes who were in trouble, his house was stoned.

Only the Bulletin Board. As churchmen, Pastor Jones's fellow Southern Presbyterians cannot quarrel with his views against race segregation, for the church has abolished its last segregated Negro synod—fulfilling the letter as well as the spirit of the law. But a few members of the

congregation protested that Pastor Jones was too intent on social reform and racial brotherhood to tell them much about the doctrines of salvation. Complained one former church officer: "Except for the sign on the bulletin board in front, you'd never know it was a Presbyterian church."

Last April, 20 of the 220-member congregation asked the Orange County Presbytery, to set up a second Presbyterian church in Chapel Hill. Pastor Jones calmly agreed. "I fully realize," he said, "that my preaching isn't along the needs of many persons here." A ten-man board, set up by the alarmed presbytery, began to investigate the Chapel Hill church, with the power to remove both pastor and officers if necessary. Pastor Jones took a year's leave—doing social work in Tennessee with a philanthropic foundation. But he comes back to Chapel Hill to preach every other Sunday.

One Unitarian. In November the commissioners turned in their report. Pastor Jones, they found, was a force for good in the community. But he had evidently strayed far from the church's doctrines. Furthermore, his church officers, many of them university faculty members, were "generally uninformed" about Presbyterianism. At least one of them "evidently did not believe in a personal God"; another was a declared Unitarian. The philosophy of Pastor Jones's church, as they saw it: "That doctrine is of less importance than whether an individual shall be free to worship God as he pleases."

When the commission called for the church officers to resign, the congregation gave the officers a vote of confidence. Said Journalism Professor Phillips Russell: "The report gives the impression (and this is said with due reverence) that if Jesus Christ were found occupying the pulpit here, He might be ousted on the ground that, although a Christian, He could not be called a Presbyterian."

Last week the presbytery commissioners demanded that Charles Jones resign or be removed. Pastor Jones, quiet but adamant ("The fundamentals of Christianity are not complicated"), indicated that he would do no such thing.

Polish Persecution

In strongly Catholic (95%) Poland, where the Roman Catholic Church has had more freedom than in other Iron Curtain countries, the Reds last week cracked down. The Polish government published a decree making all church appointments, from bishops down to parish priests, subject to government approval. It provided that any member of the hierarchy who "carries out activities contrary to law" can be removed from his cure.

As a build-up for the move, the Communists in December arrested Cracow's administrator, Archbishop Eugeniusz Baziak, and three weeks ago, in the same city, a military court sentenced one priest and two laymen to death after a trumped-up trial. The charge: spying for the U.S.

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MUSIC

Girl in the Groove

[See Cover]

Times have changed for the brick building at 207 East 30th Street, Manhattan, that was once the Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church. The stained-glass windows are bricked up, the pews are gone, and in place of the organ there is a glass-fronted control room which bristles with switches, plugs and dials. Instead of such rousing hymns as *Onward! Christian Soldiers* and *Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus*, the old building resounded this week to the throbs of a popular-music combo. And near the spot where a vested minister once stood at sermon time, a perky blonde in her stocking feet poised herself before a microphone and sang a little number about a fellow who wouldn't take his hand off her knee.

The words & music might have been a mild shock to turn-of-the-century parishioners, but they were everyday business—and mighty good business—to Columbia Records, which leased old Adams Presbyterian five years ago for a recording studio. And for Rosemary Clooney, the long-legged blonde at the microphone, it was nothing more or less than her millions of fans have come to expect. Clooney and Columbia are partners in a booming U.S. business which can best be described as the manufacture and sale of the American ballad.²

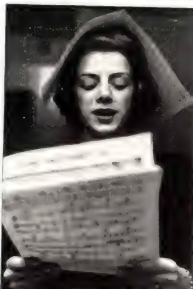
With six other big record labels last year (Capitol, Coral, Decca, Mercury M-G-M, RCA Victor), Columbia shared in the pressing of something like \$100 million worth of popular music. The product, boosted around the world by disk jockeys, record-players, TV, movies and old-fashioned street-winding phonographs, is as ubiquitous as the American candy bar, the milkshake and the neon-lighted jukebox. And to ballad buyers, the voice of Rosemary Clooney, 24, has become as familiar as the voice of F.D.R. was to their parents.

Putting It Across. By Metropolitan Opera standards, Songstress Clooney is as innocent of musical training as a rose-breasted grosbeak. She never bothered to learn to read notes ("I can tell whether the tune goes up or down, but I can't tell how far"). She disdains such long-hair affectations as warming up her voice ("What have I got to warm up?"). But in common with the new postwar generation of ballad vendors, including such contemporaries as Patti Page (Mercury), Peggy Lee (Decca), Joni James (M-G-M), Jo Stafford and Doris Day (both Columbia), Rosemary knows how to put a song across.

As she prances up to the mike, Rosemary drops her cough drop into her

palm, makes a *move* at the control room and opens her mouth. If the tune has a bounce, her slim Irish face lights up and her trim, spring-legged figure jigs happily; her smile can be heard as well as seen. If the words are sad, her face takes on a little-girl-lost look. The moment her stint at the mike is through, she pops her candy back in her mouth, swigs at a bottle of Coke.

Turks in the Wall. The Clooney voice is known to the trade as both "barrelhouse" and blue, i.e., robust and fresh, with an undercurrent of seductiveness. It can spin out a slow tune with almost cello-like evenness, or take on a raucous bite in a fast rhythm. In a melancholy mood, it has a cinnamon flavor that lends



CLOONEY AT RECORDING SESSION
"What have I got to warm up?"

to remind fans of happier days gone by—or soon to come. Moreover, thanks to the malocclusion of the Clooney jaw, her voice carries just a hint of a lisp. A word like "kiss" comes out a bit like "kish," and "caress" like "caresh." Like Bing Crosby, who attributed some of the distinctiveness of his early bu-bu-bu-boos to a node on his vocal cords, Clooney gets a sound that no competitor quite duplicates. In the ballad business, where distinctiveness is worth more than a clear high C, her voice is instantly recognizable.

Much of the ballad public, with a passion for oversimplification, prefers to believe that Rosemary Clooney was created overnight by one record, an Armenian-American calypso called *Come On-a My House* ("I'm gonna give-a you everything . . ."). *Come On-a My House* did make the public Clooney-conscious. Whipped up by Author William Saroyan and his cousin Ross Bagdasarian on a cross-country automobile junket more than ten years before—and purposely pat-

tered after ancient Armenian folk songs—*Come On-a* went nowhere until Clooney's recording. Then it leaped from the racks of the mere hits (any disk that sells 200,000 copies) into the enchanted circle of million-copy smashes. The song itself has been likened by at least one fan magazine writer to the sounds of a drunken Turk might make shouting down a wall. The fact is that Clooney did as much for the song as the song did for her.

Rosemary Clooney does not have a "stage" voice. Like Dinah Shore and half a dozen other microphone huggers in this era of the electronic vocal, Rosemary has been turned down for Broadway shows. But by all the signs, her steady success is assured so long as the ballad business lives, as it lives today, by making records.

Gone Are the Days. During the '20s, '30s and part of the '40s, music publishers got along well enough without much help from the record industry. In the early days, such a hit as *Glow Worm* might sell two or three million copies of sheet music for them. After it was launched in vaudeville or a Broadway show, its principal salesman was a fast-talking song plugger whose job it was to visit handlers and coax or coerce a performance out of them. If he could get a song on Kate Smith's radio program he had done a good week's work. His pitch might run from "Please play this song—if only to ease the pain of my ulcers" to "What prizefight or show would you like to see?" Although such a plugger was usually no musician, he was blood brother to the tired-looking gent behind music-store counters, pumping out sheet music on the piano.

Today the key plugger is a suede-shod salesman with a Windsor-knotted tie who goes by the Tin Pan Alley title of "professional manager." His job is to convince record manufacturers that his publisher's song is headed for the bestseller lists. There is plenty of music for record men to choose from; after a weary week of listening, they are ready to believe that every third person in the U.S. is a would-be tunesmith. But since the only way to be sure of not missing a hit is to listen to everything, most companies assign experts to plow through the plankton-like mass of material. The Tin Pan Alley title for the top picker in each record company is "A & R man" (for Artists and Repertory). The A & R man's job is to be music-hungry seven days a week, while maintaining a gourmet's selectivity.

Listen for the Throb. At Columbia, the A & R man is spade-bearded, sagacious Mitchell William (Mitch) Miller (TIME, Aug. 20, 1951), a long-hair (Eastman School) who for the last two years has guided his label to the No. 1 position among pop-record producers. Once a week he throws open the doors of his audition room in the hope of hearing a tune that is "right" for one of his stable of singers—Johnnie Ray (Cry), Jimmy Boyd (I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus), Frankie Laine (High Noon), Jo Stafford (Jambalaya), or Clooney. In four or five hours, he receives a parade of professional mana-

© The latest ballad, like the earliest, is simply a "singles" song that is also danceable. In Tin Pan Alley, the word has a more limited meaning: the slow, romantic number, as distinct from the rhythm tune and the novelty song.



JO STAFFORD



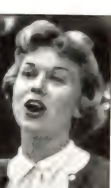
PATTI PAGE



JONT JAMES



PEGGY LEE



DORIS DAY

International: Milton Greene—Lia. Record Meek—Mirroy Garrett—Graphic House, Dennis Stock
 Distinctiveness is worth more than a clear high C.

gers, may sample 50 or more new songs while he sits spooning yoghurt or munching hard-boiled eggs.

Mitch Miller listens for simple tunes and simple ideas—something insistent and fundamental enough to throw its way into the distraught ear of the 14-22 age group, which buys almost all the records worth counting. If Miller were to summarize his prescription for teen-age appeal, it might very well go like this: "Keep it simple, keep it sexy, keep it sad."

The popular American ballad has, in fact, been written to much this prescription for generations—though the degrees of moroseness and suggestiveness vary with presumably deeper tides. People no longer actually perish in the contemporary ballad, as they did in Stephen Foster's day, e.g.—

*Nelly was a lady,
 Last night she died . . .*

In today's sad songs, people merely sob or suffer from wounded pride. Moreover, Nelly is no longer a lady Stephen Foster would have understood. She tells her boy friend: "Come on—my house," or howls "hold me, thrill me, kiss me."

Clooney's record romances are warm but strictly licit. When she tried *Come On—My House* the first few times, she just couldn't make it sound right. Mitch Miller descended from the control room and gave her a bit of advice: "Think of it this way, Rosie. You're asking that boy over to your house because you're going to marry him." That made everything all right.

Find a "New" Sound. When Miller has found a song for a singer, he calls in the musical arranger, looking for the best way to lift the tune out of the humdrum category. The first objectives: a "new" sound effect—e.g., reverberating echoes or the use of such unlikely instruments as braying French horns or a jangling harpsichord—and an insistent rhythm. To top off the arrangement, Miller asks for a full, rich sound. Sometimes this can be had by a clever distribution of instruments, sometimes it calls for a big orchestra and a massed chorus.

What happens next is standard procedure at all record companies. Advance copies are sent out to as many as 2,000 of the nation's 5,000-odd disk jockeys—the real middlemen of the ballad business. No

A & R man can soundly predict how a new disk will take. But company salesmen as a group are good prognosticators, and certain cities, such as Philadelphia and Boston, seem to be particularly seismographic in detecting the rumble of an approaching hit. If the signs are good, the company may press as many as 150,000 copies in the first edition, and then pray for the record to hit. Last year the seven major labels went through all this 2,868 times. Of that number, 81 songs (2.8%) wound up as hits.

Kentucky Melody. Rosemary Clooney comes from historic ballad country, about ten miles upstream from the place where Eliza nipped across the ice ahead of the bloodhounds. She was born on May 23, 1928, the daughter of a house-painter, in Maysville, Ky. (pop. 8,600). Her sister Betty came along three years later and, two years after that, a brother, Nicholas. Later her parents separated, and Rosemary, moving from relative to relative and town to town, has never settled down since (though, nowadays, two blocks of a Maysville street is officially known as "Rosemary Clooney Street").



Leonard McCombe—Lia

MITCH MILLER

He has a seven-day hunger.

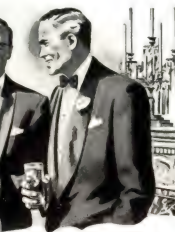
Grandfather Andrew J. Clooney, one-time Democratic mayor of Maysville, set her to singing. One Maysville legend is that the Clooney Sisters, aged 6 and 3, made their debut from his electroneering platform, and wowed the voters with a performance of *Home on the Range*. In any case, the ham in Rosemary was smoked out early: she was in fourth grade when she played the wicked queen in *Snow White* and terrified the audience with her intensity.

Growing up, Rosemary and sister Betty were always close and almost always singing. An argument about which one was to take the melody and which the harmony might start in the bathroom before 8 in the morning and continue all the way to school. When Rosemary was 17, they fell into a sister singing act at Cincinnati's WLW and were on their own.

For \$20 a week each, the girls were on daily call to sing everything from hill-billy tunes to a soporific midnight show called *Moon River*. Then one day Bandleader Tony Pastor came through Cincinnati on the lookout for a new singer. The Clooney Sisters, swimming in a local pool when the summons came, rushed out and sang an audition with hair plastered down around their faces, but their voices landed them the job.

Chaperoned Show Business. It was show business, all right, but the Clooney Sisters hardly lived a glamorous life. They drew \$125 a week apiece, but sent most of it home. They were featured performers but, even on the bandstand, they dressed in peasanty blouses run up by their economical grandmother Guilfoyle. They were on the road most of the time, playing dance halls, Italian socials, college proms, barn dances in tobacco warehouses until 2 a.m. Afterward they would pile into their bus and ride through the night to the next stop. The girls were chaperoned by their Uncle George Guilfoyle. He would hold the second seat in the bus for the girls (Bandleader Pastor would have the front one), and Uncle George would guard protectively from the third.

Rosemary got most of the solos because her voice was in the busiest range—Betty's was three notes lower. In 1946 she made her first solo recording, a long-winded little item called *I'm Sorry I Didn't Say I'm Sorry When I Made You*



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ROSEMARY & BETTY (AT 17 & 14)
The hom was smoked out early.

Cry Last Night. It so impressed the Pastor band managers, Joe Shribman and Charlie Trotta, that they became her personal managers. "You could feel heart in that record," says Shribman. Three years later they guided her into the big time: she got a contract with Columbia Records.

Worldly World. She found herself in a jungle world of high-pressure pluggers, struggling songsmiths and all-important disk jockeys. It was a world where she came to "own" only 75% of herself, with her managers and booking agents owning the other 25%. Above all, it was a world where the *click* or *smash* hit was the ultimate goal, where *clearance* (by payment to publishers' societies ASCAP and BMI) was necessary for permission to play a song on the air; a world where *cut-ins* (giving a performer a share of a song's profits), *hot stoves* (open bribes) and



other forms of *payola* were standing operating procedure; a world of concern with P.D. (public domain, the graveyard, or seventh heaven, where tunes land when their copyrights run out); of *romance* (a verb meaning to shower disk jockeys and musicians with attentions in return for performances).

But blue-eyed Rosie was ready for anything her world could throw at her. She was nice to the press and romanced the disk jockeys. She made a children's record in which she did not sing a note, instead spoke in motherly tones to a mewling harmonica. She was not surprised to find that her first hit had lyrics that ran:

*Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
I'll never love blue eyes again.*

Double Mozarellas. Her managers keep her on an allowance, but she has managed to shake part of her thirst for furs (including a \$7,000 Aleutian mink



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CLOONEY IN HOLLYWOOD
Hot stuff in Monessen, Pa.

cost after the success of *Come On-a My House*, to keep a three-bedroom house in Beverly Hills and share an apartment in Manhattan's dressy Hampshire House with Jacqueline Sherman, 27, a well-to-do Chicago girl who is her friend, duenna and general chief of staff. On free evenings, she hits the theater and nightclub circuit like any other customer (current steady escort: Actor José Ferrer).

One of her enthusiasms is Italian food, and her appetite, for such a willowy (5 ft. 6 in., 120 lbs.) creature, is remarkable. One recent evening she ate, in order of their appearance: an antipasto salad, a heavy Mozzarella cheese appetizer, a heaping plate of lasagna, a chocolate éclair, a dish of sherbet, an after-dinner drink of rum, brandy, chocolate and *crème de cacao*. Still feeling a little hungry, she then ordered another portion of Mozzarella. With the same verve and energy, she keeps the long-distance wires hot to some 60 disk jockeys, as well as to her sister Betty (a nightclub singer who records on the Coral label) and several other members of the Clooney and Guilloyle families of Maysville, Ky.

Miss Crosby? After she made *Come On-a My House*, it was inevitable that Hollywood would talk itself into discovering Clooney. Her biggest appeal, after all, is to the very teen-age audience that the moviemakers are trying to lure away from television sets. As for practical Rosemary, she has always had her eyes firmly fixed on the movies. "It gets me out of the hit-record class," she says. "Even a B-player is hot stuff in Monessen, Pa. On records you're only as good as your last release."

Paramount gave her a screen test, coldly classified her appearance as "unprepos-

sessing" but took a high shine to her fetching voice. After a breaking-in period, she was funneled into a script called *The Stars Are Singing* that had aging Heidentenor Lauritz Melchior, youthful Soprano Anna Maria Albergotti (TIME, May 8, 1950) and a performing dog to recommend it, but little else. To Rosemary the director parceled out a couple of routine songs, *Haven't Got a Worry* and *Lovely Weather for Ducks*, and a reprise of *Come On-a My House*; it began to look as if the already overloaded script might topple.

It was saved by the impact of the untutored but emphatic Clooney personality. At night, when the daily shots were screened, it became apparent that she was pulling the yarn together. Paramount took a new tack: in the course of shooting, it reoriented the picture toward Newcomer Clooney.

Meanwhile, the technicians had gone to work on the "unprepossessing" Clooney features. From a cameraman's standpoint, she had several flaws. Her nose was too wide, her legs too skinny. Her face was too long and jaw a bit prognathous. With careful placing of the lights, most of the faults disappeared. Her long face was doubly "corrected," by arrangement of the lights and by designing a wardrobe which featured high, square-cut necklines and bow ties on her simpler dresses.

By the final version, she couldn't have looked prettier to Paramount tycoons if she had been fitted with Lana Turner's head. When Paramount's advertising director saw the finished product in Manhattan, he turned to his secretary and bade her take a wire to Producer Irving Asher in Hollywood. "Say this," he instructed. "This girl is Miss Crosby! Don't let anybody teach her to act!"

Back to Church. The Hollywood juggernaut got rolling. *The Stars Are Singing* got its world premiere in Maysville three weeks ago, with national release set for early March. And Paramount has already assigned her to several more pictures; in *Here Come the Girls* (with Bob Hope) she blossoms as a dancer, too.

Rosemary Clooney has a thoroughly serious attitude toward success in Hollywood. But she is not for a moment forgetting her work at the old Adams Memorial Presbyterian Church. She is making as many recordings as she ever did. In a world of stupendous and colossal plugs, the one she values most just now is a simply worded little statement by Mister Crosby himself. He made a detour from his own path to shuffle around to her set one day. "I just want to tell you," Bing said. "That I think you're the best singer in the business."

Rite of Autumn

Igor Stravinsky's new opera, *The Rake's Progress*, headed into the Metropolitan Opera for its U.S. premiere last week and there, before a large audience of well-wishers (and an estimated 9,000-odd who listened on radio), fell flat on its libretto. Continental capitals, more used to new operas than the U.S., had taken

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The Rake pretty much in stride since its Venetian premiere (TIME, Sept. 24, 1951). But as the first modern work the Met had produced in five years, it seemed pretty effete. Written by Poet W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman as an 18th century moral fable, *The Rake*'s book pointed its moral more in irony than in earnestness, had a minimum of dramatic action onstage, and for its biggest bit of comedy wagged its lean finger at a bearded lady. What the audience saw was an expensive series of tableaux (patterned somewhat after Hogarth's famed engravings) peopled by a number of over-symbolic and under-blooded characters, none of whom evoked much sympathy.

What the Met audience heard was Stravinsky gone autumnal. The music began



THE MET'S BLANCHE THEBOM
A wagging finger.

with a brass fanfare in antique vein, worked its often dissonant way through a series of style movements reminiscent of Handel, Mozart and, occasionally, subdued Verdi. It had uncharacteristic lyrical moments, e.g., Tenor Eugene Conley's lament in the brothel scene and Hilde Guden's pretty love song in the garden, and jabs of vulgar humor in Blanche Thebom's bearded-lady scenes. But it never found anything to get excited about, and rarely attempted to follow an idea very far.

Stravinsky's orchestration was the best thing in the production: it probably established a record for different ways of sounding a common chord, and it was as full of his halting, polka-like rhythms as *Traviata* is of waltzes. But after 35 hours the audience had had more than enough; most of it had left before the last bows were taken.

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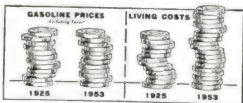
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SPORT

Against Long Odds

As a child of eleven, Tenley Albright was a pint-sized figure skater with big ambitions, already precociously practicing for the U.S. Eastern Junior title. Then polio struck. It was of a non-paralytic spinal type, but it left her with weakened muscles. Tenley, daughter of a Boston surgeon, took her father's advice: "Try to continue skating. The exercise is what you need."

Against long odds, Tenley tried, hour after painstaking hour. Within four months she was in winning form. This week Tenley Albright, now 17, became the first U.S. girl ever to win the world figure-skating title, following such glamorous stars as Norway's Sonja Henie and Canada's Barbara Ann Scott.

Tenley won the title going away. To a man, raising their scoring cards in unison, the seven judges at the Swiss resort of Davos gave her top grades in her school figures. After two days of the compulsory figures, pretty, apple-cheeked Tenley was head & shoulders above the field. All that remained was for her to hold her lead in the four-minute freestyle skating on the final day.

Whirling, gliding and spinning to music from Offenbach's *Fantasy*, Tenley put on one of the fanciest freewheeling, freestyle exhibitions the dazzled judges had ever seen. She mixed splits with spins, double-loop jumps and double axels. With a chance to coast to the title, she skated so brilliantly that all seven judges awarded her top rank in the field of 19. Enthused one judge: "She did to figure skating what Pavlova did to ballet." Tenley's winning margin: 188.20-180.31 over Runner-Up Gundl Busch of Germany.

Tenley learned her school figures the hard way—by study, though she enjoys a teen-ager's typical hobbies: dancing,



CHAMPION STORM & HANDLER
After the silverware, a T-bone reward.

tennis, swimming, "all sorts of fun, and driving my Crosley." She learned her freestyle grace from the Boston Skating Club's famed Coach Willie Frick. At 14 she won the U.S. Junior title, and last year placed second behind Britain's Jeanette Altwegg in the Olympics. With Jeanette's retirement, Tenley was all set to win the 1952 world title. Then, right in the middle of the competition, she became ill again and was rushed home by plane.

This week, healthy and happy, Tenley had completed her comeback, achieved a six-year-long ambition. Pert and pretty (5 ft., 6 in., 100 lbs.), blue-eyed Tenley has no further ambitions to join the icy whirl of the professional skating show. "I love skating for what it is." Instead, she plans to enter Radcliffe College next fall as the first step toward another goal. She has decided to be a physician, like her father.

With five-time World Champion Dick Button, now a student at Harvard Law School, in the pro ranks, a pair of his perpetual shadows came into the limelight and competed for the vacated title. After the compulsory figures, lanky Jimmy Grogan, 21, a pfc. ordered for European duty, held a slim lead over Hayes Alan Jenkins, 19, a Colorado College sophomore. In the final freestyle, Jenkins' flashier form provided the victory margin.

A Dog's Life

Rancho Dobe's Storm is a sleek, husky (92 lbs.) Doberman pinscher who leads a pampered dog's life in suburban Cos Cob, Conn. (pop. 3,100). His nonworking day's routine includes an egg at breakfast, a pound of canned beef at dinner, a romp on the acres of his master, Adman Len Carey, a vice president of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, and a proprietary interest in sleeping on the bed of the Careys' 16-

year-old son, Jeff. Every once in a while, for reasons that Storm may not fully understand, he is required to parade up & down in front of a crowd with a lot of other dogs at a dog show. Storm loves every minute of it.

Last week, obviously enjoying himself to the hilt, Storm was stacked up against 2,501 yapping, yelping dogs at the dog world's No. 1 blue-ribbon event, the Westminster Kennel Club Show at Madison Square Garden. As the defending champion, Storm received the mixture of stares and deference which is the lot of all titleholders. Most of the time Storm stayed in an uncomfortable stall in the Garden basement, loftily ignoring the people who came to look at him. In the ring, he coolly defeated all members of his own breed, then beat a batch of other dogs with which Dobermans are classed in the "working group": boxers, collies, German shepherds, St. Bernards, etc.

In the final judging for the championship of the show, Storm was matched against a Skye terrier which looked like a dust mop, a prissy poodle, a sad-eyed bloodhound, a self-conscious Irish setter and a pudgy pug. It was hardly a contest. Storm, sleek and cocky, paraded around with the aplomb of a high-fashion model. He stood stolidly as the judge solemnly inspected his teeth, eyes, haunches and toenails. Some 10,000 dog fanciers were on tenterhooks as the judge walked over to where all the silverware was. Dramatically, at just the proper moment, the judge pointed at Storm, the winner. Storm yawned.

After Storm's victory, delighted Owner Carey gave his 38-month-old Doberman a T-bone reward: permanent retirement from the show ring. "He's earned his rest," announced Carey, carefully adding that Storm will "continue to stand at stud." Fee: \$150.



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Fallen Idol

Charles Pierce ("Chuck") Davey is well educated (an M.A. in education from Michigan State), well built (147 lbs., 5 ft. 8½ in.), and he was well ballyhooed as an up & coming boxer. Turning pro in 1949, he fought 39 straight fights without a loss. Kid Gavilan, born about the same time as Davey, was educated in the sugar-cane fields of Camagüey, Cuba, where he developed a sleekly muscled body (146 lbs., 5 ft. 10 in.) and a demonstrated ability to take care of himself with his fists (105 pro fights since 1943).

Davey, fresh-faced, sandy-haired, and the scholarly looking victim of a retreating hairline, won six straight TV fights last year and became the idol of the fans. Gavilan, who bears the ugly scars of his profession—cauliflower ears, flattened nose, scarred eye tissue—was merely the welterweight champion of the world. Last week in Chicago, for the biggest gate in welterweight history (\$275,415), the TV idol met the old pro. The result was as predictable as the 14-5 odds favoring Gavilan.

Davey, a southpaw powderpuff puncher with fancy-Dan footwork, stayed on even terms with Gavilan for the first two rounds. In Round 3, Gavilan opened up with one of his famed flurries, pummeling with lefts, rights and his own uppercutting bolo punch. Davey, bewildered by the barrage, was dumped to the canvas for a nine count, the first time he had ever been knocked down. From then on it was just a matter of time, and Gavilan took his time. In Rounds 5 and 6, Gavilan switched styles and fought southpaw too, "just for the fun of it."

In Round 8, Gavilan tired of his cat & mouse tactics and went to work in earnest. The champion's slam-bang attack opened a cut under Davey's right eye. In Round 9, throwing bolos, uppercuts, hooks and crosses, Gavilan pounded Davey to the canvas three times, once clear through the ring ropes. Each time, Davey gamely got back on his feet, but it was clear that he was through for the night. When the bell sounded for Round 10, Davey sat in his corner, gagging from a bolo punch in the Adam's apple, unable to continue.

Gavilan, bouncy, exuberant and unmarked, clasped his hands over his head in the victory pose, then rushed to the ring-side TV mike to tell an estimated to million viewers what had happened to their fallen idol. Said Gavilan: "He's a good fighter, but he no punch hard. He needs more experience. He's well, you know..." The welterweight champion left the thought unfinished. His next objective: the middleweight (160 lbs.) title. After all, says Gavilan: "I beat all the beeg welterweights, didn't I? Who else I gonna fight? Who gotta chance with the Keed?"

The "interim" world featherweight (126 lbs.) championship was settled last week in Paris. With the champion, Pvt. Sandy Saddler, as a ringside spectator, Philadelphia Negro Percy Bassett pounded France's Ray Famechon into submission with a fourth-round technical knockout. Fame-



Joe Scherschel-Lia

CHUCK DAVEY
After college, an education.

chon was not the only loser. French bookies, who backed their favorite against the weight of the money bet at the fight, lost an estimated 800 million francs (\$2,288,000) on the fight.

Scoreboard

¶ In Manhattan, two top-ranked heavyweights, heavy-footed Rex Layne (No. 31) and light-punching Roland LaStarza (No. 4), fought it out for the privilege of meeting Champion Rocky Marciano or Jersey Joe Walcott next summer. LaStarza, who lost a split decision to Marciano three years ago, won a split decision in a slam-banger over Layne.

¶ In Chicago, the University of Chicago basketball team, after a losing streak of 15 straight games over a three-year span, finally won one, 65-52, over a team from the Navy Pier Branch of the University of Illinois.

¶ In Manhattan, FBIman Horace Ashenfelter, Olympic steeplechase champion and 1952 Sullivan Award winner, added the national A.A.U. three-mile title to his trophies. Running against Germany's Herbert Schade, close-up finisher behind Czech Emil Zatopek in the Olympic 5,000-meter run, Ashenfelter won by 95 yds. in 13:47.5, just 1.8 seconds behind Greg Rice's 1942 record. Other A.A.U. champions: Mal Whitfield at 600 yds. in 1:10.4; Fred Dwyer at one mile, 4:12.4; Olympic Champion Harrison ("Bones") Dillard, his seventh straight 60-yd. hurdles title, in 7.3.

¶ At Rio de Janeiro, winding up a 13-day, 1,200-mile sail, the 46½-ft. yawl *White Mist*, owned and skippered by G. W. Blunt White of Mystic, Conn., crossed the finish line first in the third annual sailing race from Buenos Aires, to win the South Atlantic Blue Ribbon, on a corrected-time, i.e., handicap, basis, two smaller Brazilian yachts, *Cairn* and *Mistral*, placed one-two ahead of *White Mist*.



Turn back the clock 500 years

MARK TWAIN once said: "England's beauty is made up of very simple details—just grass and trees, and roads and hedges, and churches and castles. And over it all a mellow dream haze of history." To prove his point, we submit the village of Kersey in Suffolk, just as it looked in Twain's time. The "mellow dream haze" is here, and everywhere in Britain. At every stop, history turns back the clock for you, five centuries here . . . seven there . . . ten there. Go west to Wales, and stride the ramparts of Conway Castle, a fortress that was built for King Edward I in 1285. Cross over to Northern Ireland and stand in the ruins of

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EDUCATION

The Search

For well over a month, U.S. colleges & universities have been waiting for the day when the new Congress would begin its search for campus subversives. Last week the day finally arrived. First target for Indiana's Senator William E. Jenner, chairman of a special internal security subcommittee; New York City. First witnesses: two professors and two minor officials from Queens, Brooklyn, and City Colleges.

The hearing proved to be even messier than expected. On the ground that his answer might incriminate him, each of the four witnesses refused to say whether or not he had ever been a Communist, but each had quite a bit to say about the



Morris & Ewing

WITNESS SHAFTEL

Leave it to the professors.

investigation itself. In a prepared statement, full of sound & fury, Oscar H. Shafel, of the Queens English department, called it an "inquisition . . . a bludgeon against academic freedom . . . I am sick," said he, "of teachers huddling . . . in fear, hoping maybe a McCarran, a McCarthy or a Velde committee may overlook the bad thing they once said about fascism, or the time they chose to teach *The Grapes of Wrath* in class . . ."

Slender & Innuendo. Furthermore, added Shafel at the hearing, "I cannot imagine an academic administrator of any sense and magnitude and dignity saying to Sean O'Casey, . . . 'You may not teach the drama,' or telling Picasso: 'You cannot teach art in the United States.'" But, asked Jenner, what if a teacher "slants his teaching toward the Communist Party, which party's avowed purpose is the overthrow of this Government?" That, replied Shafel, is something that "must be settled by the academic pro-

fession . . . This line of questioning is improper and does harm to the teaching profession."

At week's end, the New York City colleges were still trying to decide whether to suspend the four witnesses for defying the Senate, and other colleges across the nation were still trying to decide what attitude to take toward the investigations now getting under way.

More than one U.S. educator felt he had good reason for fear. "You have today," said President Henry M. Wriston of Brown, "a bullying of the intellectuals of the United States which is intolerable . . . Whenever by slander, by innuendo, by rumor, investigators start to throw mud at the colleges, then every alumnus in every institution of the United States should rise up and say, this has got to stop."

"Every alumnus ought to look at every investigation of colleges with a jaundiced eye and say to the man: 'What is your particular capacity to determine the intellectual content of the modern world?' . . . But to call everyone who doesn't think just as we do a Socialist, and then to say there is no difference between a Socialist and a Communist, will destroy higher education in America."

Wisdom & Good Citizenship. President Wriston's strong words were undoubtedly justified. However well-intentioned the investigators might be, they are bound to seem like bullies to a profession that is already much harassed. Nevertheless, U.S. educators could be sure of one thing: the bellicose attitudes of Jenner's first four witnesses would hardly help their cause. Last week, in the Harvard *Alumni Bulletin*, two Harvard law school professors—Zechariah Chafee Jr. and Arthur E. Sutherland—gave their colleagues some wise advice on the ground rules of being a witness:

In deciding whether or not to answer a question, said the professors, "the underlying principle to consider . . . is the duty of the citizen to cooperate in government. He has no option to say: 'I do not approve of this grand jury or that congressional committee: I dislike its members and its objectives; therefore, I will not tell it what I know.'"

"There are several current misconceptions about the testimonial privilege to remain silent. The witness is not the ultimate judge of the tendency of an answer to incriminate him . . . Mere embarrassment is not an excuse: the witness must be subjecting himself to some degree of danger of conviction of a criminal offense . . . The fact that disclosure of present or past association with the Communist Party will cause trouble for the witness with his church, his lodge, his union, his employer or his university does not excuse him from answering questions about it when subpoenaed before a competent body . . . It is not only a legal requirement but also a principle of wisdom and good citizenship for an individual . . . to answer questions frankly and honestly."

The Third Man

To those who knew him well, the Rev. Charles L. Dodgson of Oxford University was a confusing fellow. Sometimes he was a stammering mathematician, who lectured so ploddingly that he often had to threaten his students with an extra assignment of "lines" to get them to class. At other times he became Mr. Lewis Carroll, the man who wrote *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and had a passion for kittens and children. Last week a Welsh professor reported some curious evidence about a third Mr. Dodgson—the curator of the Christ Church Senior Common Room.

The professor, Economist Duncan Black, happened to be investigating Mathematician Dodgson's theories in a political field—proportional representation. One day, in a cupboard of the Christ Church treasury, he came across "row



The Gernsheim Collection

CURATOR DODGSON

Keep an eye on the wine.

upon row of green cloth-bound boxes, all neatly packed with envelopes." Inside were the meticulous records of Dodgson's entire ten-year curatorship. Apparently, not one of them had been opened since the day he retired in 1892.

Say "When." Obviously, Curator Dodgson did not take his duties lightly. He used every mathematical device he knew to keep his cellars just right and to make sure that the paneled Common Room would glow with good wine and talk. When he wanted to know the proper temperature for a wine or when it should be decanted, he was not satisfied with the opinion of only one expert. He wrote to ten, averaged up their answers and acted accordingly. Nor did he trust the accuracy of only one thermometer. Each week he faithfully took the average reading of three.

To make sure that his fellow dons got their money's worth—and no more—he invented a series of gauges by which to



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East Hartford, Connecticut

measure their drinks. All a man had to do was to hold a Dodgson gauge up to his glass and say "When" as the wine or liqueur reached a certain mark. Since liqueur prices varied, there were gauges for everything from green chartreuse to dry curacao, with a special scale and price list for each.

Take It Back. Being only human, Dodgson did make a mistake or two. Once, after a series of mathematical calculations, he boosted a cellar temperature from 50° to 60°, only to find that his claret began ripening far ahead of schedule, and that it was all Christ Church men could do to drink it up in time. But otherwise, Mr. Dodgson was a paragon of scrupulous management, and once, when a local merchant tried to ingratiate himself by sending a Christmas gift of fruit, he huffily sent it back. "Mr. Dodgson . . . would have thought it hardly necessary," he wrote, "to point out that the curator, whose duty it is to provide the best goods he can for the Common Room, cannot possibly accept presents from any tradespeople concerned. He thinks it only fair to warn Messrs. Snow that any repetition of such attention may seriously affect their provision as wine merchants dealt with by the Common Room."

Such missives, of course, were typical of the Rev. Mr. Dodgson. But it was undoubtedly Mr. Lewis Carroll who had the final word about the life of a curator. "Surely," he wrote one day, "any curator worthy of the name would be found, if physically tested, to possess a density directly and a gravity inversely varying as the potency of port; if tested anatomically, to have the word 'wine' neatly emblazoned on his heart; and if finally submitted to quantitative analysis, to consist primarily of $C_2H_5O_2$," which, in early 19th century chemistry, spells alcohol.

Report Card

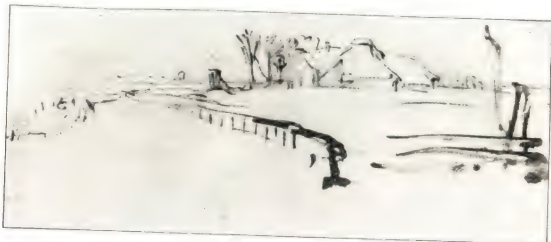
¶ Board Chairman Frank Abrams of the Standard Oil Co. (N.J.), a man who thinks it is high time that U.S. corporations give their share to U.S. higher education, announced that a new Council for Financial Aid to Education had been formed to do some persuading. The council, he thought, would get a good reception from business. Its members: former Chairman Irving Olds of U.S. Steel, Chairman Alfred P. Sloan Jr. of General Motors, Chairman Walter Paepcke of the Container Corp., Chairman Henning W. Prentiss Jr. of Armstrong Cork, Frank Abrams.

¶ After losing almost all its seminary faculty because of its refusal to admit Negro divinity students (TIME, Nov. 17), the University of the South in Sewanee, Tenn., ran into more trouble last week. It had no sooner announced the appointment of a new seminary dean and four new faculty replacements than the Very Rev. James A. Pike, Dean of Manhattan's Cathedral of St. John the Divine, bluntly refused to accept an honorary Sewanee D.D. degree. "I could not in conscience," he said, "receive a doctorate in the white divinity which Sewanee apparently is prepared to offer the church hereafter."



Funny—how the sight of something will get you thinking and you end up on something entirely unconnected. Like a picture of kids reminds you of your own kids . . . reminds you how much their world revolves around you . . . reminds you that you meant to go over your life insurance program with your Massachusetts Mutual man. From a picture of kids—to Massachusetts Mutual. But maybe they're not so unconnected at that.

Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, Springfield, Massachusetts



REMBRANDT'S "WINTER LANDSCAPE"

Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University

Space in Parenthesis

Compared with the sloppy and insensitive draftsmanship that plagues much of modern art, fully a third of the pictures on display last week in Manhattan's Pierpont Morgan Library seemed minor masterpieces. Yet they were done mainly for pleasure, to while away an hour in the open, or as preliminary sketches for more ambitious work. Entitled "Landscape Drawings and Watercolors from" Bruegel to Cézanne, the exhibition spans four centuries of landscape art with 94 delicate little pictures.

Among the standouts were three Alpine landscapes by Bruegel, who turned inches of paper into miles of mountainside by the application of thousands of tiny ink lines sensitively stitched and pyramided together. Claude Lorrain's *Sermon on the Mount* created a hilltop grove, shepherds and their flock, a wide and crowded harbor and a distant town, all with a little ink and broad, watery washes. Peter Paul Rubens' delicately tinted watercolor of a farmyard was as tender and vivid as April grass. Thomas Gainsborough's charcoal sketches showed that he could read the face of a field as surely as a human expression.

Visitors lingered longest before one of the tiniest works on view, the *Winter Landscape* by Rembrandt (see cut at full-size). Rembrandt broke with the polished limning of his day to create a graphic shorthand of his own, which amounted to putting space in parenthesis. He prized economy of line as much as the Chinese masters, but where they were flat and fluent, he was spurious and staccato. Simply by the power of his pen, Rembrandt

ART

could make plain paper take on the bright leaden hue of winter sky stretching heavy over snow-muffled acres. As easily, it seems, as another man would scrawl his name, he sketched fence, farmhouse, trees and far-off mill into deep, cold stillness.

To the Rescue

"Versailles is now saved," beamed André Cornu, French under secretary of state for fine arts. Calling in Paris newsmen, he triumphantly announced that the money had finally been raised to start a major restoration job on the famous old palace, which has long been in seedy disrepair (TIME, Dec. 10, 1951).

The announcement was something of a personal triumph for Cornu. A little over a year ago he asked the government to put up 5 billion francs (close to \$15 million) for the five-year reconstruction job. The government would only promise 365 million francs a year, so Cornu turned fund-raiser himself. Soon the money was pouring in. Movie stars raised 30 million raffling off cars at a Paris auto show, the state-run casino at suburban Enghien signed up for 30 million a year, the French National Lottery promised another 400 million a year. From all over France, donations came in from benefit dances, music festivals, theater performances and house-to-house canvasses. Everybody contributed, from the Bank of France (10 million francs) to retiring U.S. Ambassador David Bruce (400,000 francs).

Last week, with his first year's billion francs on hand, Secretary Cornu had platoon of workmen swarming over the pal-

ace on the first big job: laying watertight new lead plate on 27 acres of leaky roofs. During the next two years the interior will be reconditioned and repaired, and Versailles will begin to display its old glories to the 700,000 or more visitors who roam its ornate halls every year.

New Directions

The studio in Fordingbridge, 75 miles from London, looked oddly unlike the workshop of a great painter. Instead of easel and brushes, a wheelbarrow full of clay stood in the center of the room, the wooden kitchen table was littered with well-used sculptor's tools, and finished and unfinished busts rested on pedestals or were swaddled in damp cloth. But for all the strangle clutter, it was the studio of Britain's dean of portraitists: bearded, crusty old Augustus John, still vigorous and sharp-eyed at 74. In the last six months, John has picked up the sculptor's knife and found a new enthusiasm for life. "It's my second breath," he says, and adds, "or my second childhood."

By last week, Sculptor John had finished two strong, roughly molded character studies, done with the same sure hand as his best canvases. One shows his wife, "Dodo," gentle and clear-browed in golden bronze; the other is a salute to Ireland's famed poet, William Butler Yeats, slit-eyed, chin thrust insistively forward. Now John is happily working on a third, a head of his daughter Vivien, which is still in the shape where the tobacco tins he thriftily uses as filler are not yet covered over (see cut).

Cigars & Arias. John gives full credit for his conversion to a lively, young (31) sculptress named Fiore de Henriquez, who

ELEGANCE & EMOTION

FRANCISCO JOSÉ DE GOYA Y LUCIENTES was one of the most dramatic of the old masters, and one of the most unpredictable. An artisan's son who lived during the bloody days of the Napoleonic invasion of Spain, he grew up to be a darling of the court, though he often painted his benefactors to look like vain simpletons. When Napoleon conquered Spain, Goya first curried favor with the victors, then commemorated their outrages with a series of compassionate etchings. Last week an exhibition of 81 of the master's works was on display in Richmond's lively Virginia Museum of Fine Arts, supplemented by a push-button movie on Goya's life and works.

Visitors to last week's show got a good idea of Goya's enormous scope and variety. Though his works always had an underpinning of fiercely honest realism, they ranged from elegant portraiture, through caricature, to expressionist outpourings of violent emotion and surrealist fantasies. Goya's *Maja* is a mysterious dandy painted in a style of courtly elegance. His expressionist *St. Peter Repentant*, roughly and swiftly constructed of broad brushstrokes, is a rocklike old man in an agony of remorse after thrice betraying Christ. In his besieged *City on a Rock*, the master turns surrealist and dreamlike, and in the sky a flight of tiny birdmen zoom like fantastic fighter planes.



GOYA'S "A CITY ON A ROCK"

Museum of Art



"ST. PETER REPENTANT"



Portrait of a Majo"

Museum of Art



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first arrived from Italy three years ago. A swarthy, husky type with hot brown eyes and a mane of jet-black hair, she lives in a littered London flat, dresses like a dock-walloper and, while she works, sings arias from her favorite operas between puffs on a cigar. For an old Bohemian like Augustus John, Fiore was just what the doctor ordered.

They met last summer, and soon Fiore asked to do a bust of the master. In ten days it was finished and John was entranced by both Fiore and sculpture. "She's an amazing person," he roars, waving his arms. "She's a grand girl and a very talented sculptor." Says Fiore: "We got on like shirt and bottom."

John was so interested in her work that he almost ruined her next sculpture, a bust of his wife. Every few minutes he would stomp in, watch a while, then grumble. "I've done 50 portraits of Dodo. I know



AUGUSTUS JOHN & "VIVIAN"
"It's my second breath."

how she looks, don't I? She has a flat place here." And he would punch his thumb into the clay. Says Fiore: "I couldn't keep him away." Finally she brought down a set of tools for the old painter, and he has been sculpturing ever since.

The Touch of God. John hopes to have enough finished works by next fall for a London show, but so far only a few friends have seen his sculptures. Fiore, for one, thinks they are magnificent. "Augustus is the only one carrying on the great tradition. Everything is done by inspiration. There is a time when God touched him."

Augustus John himself says only that sculpture "thrills me—a new material, a new medium, a new problem." He has no idea what category his style falls into or what it will be a year from now. But he is sure of one thing: it won't be abstract or full of holes. "I don't want to see through a figure. Leave that to Henry Moore. Of course," he adds with a twinkle, "it does save a lot of clay."



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SCIENCE

Man Unlimited

Many scientists' prophecies about man's future are dark and gloomy. Man is doomed, say the crepehangers, to overpopulate his planet and hang on, half-starved, until something worse happens. British Biologist Julian Huxley is more hopeful. In his new book, *Evolution in Action* (Harper: \$2.75), Huxley says that man is not "just an animal"; he is something new in evolution, and he has a boundless future.

Huxley tells how a particularly successful new species "deploys" over the earth, splitting into specialized branches. The reptiles deployed; then the mammals took over and deployed even more variously.

Agas ago, says Huxley, "most of the possibilities available to living substance had been exhausted. . . . The efficiency of nervous conduction, of sense organs, of digestive systems, of mechanical construction, had all reached limits of one sort or another. Only one feature remained capable of improvement—brain organization and behavior. Only a greater flexibility of behavior and a higher organization of awareness enabled living substance to become capable of conceptual thought and symbolic language; and these . . . are the two distinguishing marks of man, and the basis of the latest deployment of life."

Common Pool. Huxley moves from man's tree-borne forefathers, acquiring intellect, to full-fledged men, who began to teach each other what was learned by experience. This ability proved to be the evolutionary jackpot.

"The critical point in the evolution of man . . .," says Huxley, "was when he . . . could organize his experience in a common pool. It was this which made human life different Animal types have limited possibilities, and sooner or later exhaust them. Man has an unlimited field of possibilities He has developed a new method of evolution: the transmission of organized experience . . . which supplements and largely overrides the automatic process of natural selection. . . ." As soon as man acquired the ability to accumulate and transmit knowledge, he bested all his rivals and possible rivals on earth.

Long Future. "To the historical specialist, the five or six thousand years of civilization seem intolerably long. But this is a minute interval to the biologist. Man is very young; the human deployment is in an explosive and very early phase. Man is the result of two thousand million years of biological evolution; he has every prospect of an equal or even greater span of psychosocial evolution before him."

Viewed against such a long future, man's current problems seem to Huxley to be temporary. He does not ignore forces which he believes tend to check human improvement. He denounces Communist attempts to control or stifle free scientific research, "not merely because . . . the promising unity of world science has been disrupted, but because a political party



BIOLOGIST HUXLEY
Man hit the jackpot.

Ret. English

has imposed its own dogmatic view of what must be correct . . ." In the next paragraph he denounces "official Catholic pronouncements on birth control and sex relations," not only because "they mean frustration and misery and ill-health and ignorance . . . for thousands of millions of souls They are also wrong because they are asserted absolutely and dogmatically, instead of being conclusions arrived at by free inquiry"

For Huxley, such contemporary issues are passing trifles. "Once life had become organized in human form, it was impelled forward, not merely by the blind forces of



THEORIST BUEREN
Astronomers wanted the cash.

Kurt L. Schwabach, Chairman

natural selection, but by mental and spiritual forces as well Man can now himself as the sole agent of further evolutionary advance on this planet, and one of the few possible instruments of progress in the universe at large He need no longer regard himself as insignificant in relation to the cosmos. He is intensely significant."

Legally Hot

Through years of spare-time dabbles in such occult sciences as prophecy and mental telepathy, Godfried Bueren, 70, West German patent attorney, never lost his amateur enthusiasm for astronomy. Finally, he announced, he had learned something that professional astronomers don't know. The sun, asserted Herr Bueren, is a hot, hollow sphere, a million miles in diameter; inside its fiery shell floats a cool core, 600,000 miles thick and lush with vegetation. What's more, he had 25,000 marks (\$5,945) that said he was correct about the sun.

When Herr Bueren announced his startling theory, most scientists shrugged it off. But the German Astronomical Society accepted the challenge. Said Hamburg Observatory Director Otto Heckmann: "The society would like to keep such 'silly ideas' from attracting too much attention. Besides, the society needed the money."

Like schoolmasters marking a poor student's test paper, Dr. Heckmann and a couple of other scientists sharpened their pencils and set to work on Herr Bueren's theory. The sun's corona does blaze at approximately 1,000,000° C., they conceded, but who can believe that the enormous heat is caused, as Herr Bueren also insisted, by cosmic particles striking the sun's outer atmosphere? Why shouldn't the same particles bombard the earth and set it glowing? And did Herr Bueren really believe that sunspots are gaping holes in the sun's shell, opening on to a cool black core where plant life changes heat into chemical energy, thus lowering the temperature? Pure nonsense, said the scientists. As for heat-reducing plants: Dr. Heckmann & Co. pointed out that science knows of no plants that use up all the energy available to them.

A Bueren-picked jury of West German scientists studied the astronomical society's arguments and solemnly announced that the Bueren solar theory had been demolished. His bald pate flushed with anger, the sun-gazing patent attorney refused to pay. "People who want to cash in on the money," he cried, "do not even pay attention to what I have to say."

But Dr. Heckmann and colleagues, having paid attention to the prize offer, sued Bueren in the Osnabrück court. "Science cannot always say what is correct," they argued, "but we have advanced so far as to be able to say what is wrong. And Herr Bueren's theory is most definitely wrong."

Last week, despite Herr Bueren's dark mutterings that his professorial jury had been intimidated, the court found the sun's core legally hot, ordered him to hand over the 25,000 marks plus a year's interest at 4% and court costs.

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Behind the Closed Doors

In barring reporters from the trial of Minot ("Mickey") Jelke III, on charges of being a pimp, Manhattan Judge Francis Valente apparently expected to keep testimony from the sensational vice case out of the newspapers. The trial had not gone two days before Judge Valente had an ample opportunity to see how wrong he was in practice, if not in law. Elaborately shrouded in secrecy, the trial took on an importance it might never have had in open court. In Louisville, a panel of clergymen on radio debated whether the press should be allowed to cover the trial, decided that it should—that a secret trial was a dangerous precedent. British and French newsmen were stirred to cover the trial along with the reporters of U.S. newspapers and press services, and a hand-

nesses could only confirm or deny what newsmen asked them, were forbidden to volunteer information. It turned out to be a broad charter. Before the trial had well begun, it was plain that opposing lawyers, notably Pat Ward's elegantly dressed, beligerent lawyer J. Roland Sala (see NEWS IN PICTURES), were letting out bits of evidence to help their side, and attempting to try the case in the newspapers. After each court session, Star Witness Pat Ward, 19, who had started the whole case by charging that Jelke was boss of a string of \$50-to-\$500-a-night call girls, hustled to the washroom. There she held press conferences with newshens, while disgusted reporters stood around outside and city desks assigned more newshens to the "washroom beat." Sniffed the *Mirror's* Veteran Reporter Jean Adams: "All this shoving and running around in toilets! The dignity



PAT WARD & LAWYER SALA (WEARING CARNATION) AT WASHROOM PRESS CONFERENCE
Should little girls be obscene and not heard?

ful of nightclub columnists, e.g., Walter Winchell, Dorothy Kilgallen and Earl Wilson, some of whom rarely see the morning light. Even such papers as the Asheville (N.C.) *Citizen*, which righteously proclaimed on its editorial page that it was proper to "seal off this filthy business from the public view," told its public on Page One the same day: "Call Girl Pat Ward wept at her past today and choked over the names of café society big shots to whom she sold her love."

Washroom Beat. Forbidden the courtroom, more than 60 newsmen stood watch outside, pounced on everyone who came out the door. Even Columnist Winchell was on hand quipping that Judge Valente apparently thought "little girls should be obscene and not heard," and feeling right at home in what he called an atmosphere of "opened transoms and peepholes."

Under the court's rules, lawyers or wit-

nesses could only confirm or deny what newsmen asked them, were forbidden to volunteer information. It turned out to be a broad charter. Before the trial had well begun, it was plain that opposing lawyers, notably Pat Ward's elegantly dressed, beligerent lawyer J. Roland Sala (see NEWS IN PICTURES), were letting out bits of evidence to help their side, and attempting to try the case in the newspapers. After each court session, Star Witness Pat Ward, 19, who had started the whole case by charging that Jelke was boss of a string of \$50-to-\$500-a-night call girls, hustled to the washroom. There she held press conferences with newshens, while disgusted reporters stood around outside and city desks assigned more newshens to the "washroom beat." Sniffed the *Mirror's* Veteran Reporter Jean Adams: "All this shoving and running around in toilets! The dignity

and prestige of the Criminal Courts Building is gone."

As the press pieced together the testimony, Pat Ward started out on her call-girl career two years ago after she had an illegitimate baby which she put out for adoption. She met Playboy Jelke at a party 17 months ago and, after their second meeting, began to live with him, continuing to ply her trade and giving him some of the proceeds. Occasionally, she let it be known, Jelke beat her when she objected to some of the "Johns" he had arranged for her to meet. She also said that she was thinking of writing a teen-age column for a newspaper to "advise other teen-agers . . . how to avoid the perils of life."

As soon as the names of Johns began leaking out, papers all over the U.S. played the story of the trial big. TYCOMON ON PAT'S V LIST bannered the Boston *Record*. The Atlanta *Constitution* head-

lined its story: SOBBING CALL GIRL WEEP OVER NAMES OF LOVE BUYERS. Punned the New York *Mirror*: SILENT SINECURE IN SEX DIMENSIONS. Actually, the list of names she mentioned in court was a scatter-shot blast, as newsmen got it. They were unable to tell which were "clients" and which were mere "acquaintances" (Pat's. Such names as Screen Stars Mickey Rooney and George Raft, Disk Jockey Jack Eigen and Sportswriter Bill Stutts were splashed across papers indiscriminately. Some of those mentioned denied that they had ever met her, while others like Mickey Rooney pointed out: "I met her five years ago at a party. What's wrong with that?" Of the entire list, only Manhattanite Max Ausnit, former Rumanian munitions maker, admitted he knew Pat, told a reporter: "As far as I know, nothing has been invented to replace sex for an unmarried man."

Blonde at 5:15 A.M. Jelke's attorneys in turn let it be known that Pat Ward drank heavily, recalled that she once tried to kill herself in the apartment of Martha Raye, a casual acquaintance, and said she had otherwise conducted herself in such a manner that she had "destroyed [herself] as a moral person . . . we believe we proved she is without credibility." When the courtroom was quiet, papers got their stories elsewhere. Jelke, a somewhat over-looked man in the first days of the trial, pushed back into the news by smashing his sky-blue Cadillac convertible into a truck while out driving with a "shapely blonde at 5:15 a.m." The New York *Post* and other papers peeked downstairs in the same courthouse building, contrasted the treatment of Pat Ward with that of the "poor man's dolls" who were put on trial elsewhere in the building with the press admitted.

By week's end, newsmen had appealed to a higher court for a reversal of Judge Valente's ban. The strongest argument they had was that the ban was a threat to both fair trials and press freedom. After one week of the ban, they also had a strong practical argument for reopening the trial in the gossip, rumor and biased information that had come out of the courtroom, unrestricted by the facts of a court transcript.

Settlement

As a bitter critic of Nevada's Senator Pat McCarran, Las Vegas *Sun* Publisher Hank Greenspun has more than political disagreements with his state's senior Senator. In a suit filed last spring, Greenspun charged that McCarran had conspired with more than 20 Nevada gambling casino owners to withdraw about \$8,000 a month in casino ads from the *Sun*, thus attempting to silence the paper's criticism of him (TIME, June 16). Last week the \$235,000 damage suit charging that McCarran had conspired with the gamblers was settled out of court. Under the terms of the settlement the amount paid to Greenspun was estimated at \$80,000. Said Greenspun: "I can view this settlement as nothing else but a complete vindication of my stand."

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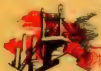
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RADIO & TV

Happy Family

"I doubt that anybody ever had a better sponsor," says Armina Marshall. "He always leaves us alone." The hands-off sponsor is U.S. Steel, and the left-alone show is *Theatre Guild on the Air* (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Last week the *Guild* gave its 300th radio performance: a typically smooth and professional playing of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, starring Deborah Kerr and Maurice Evans. As executive director of the radio *Guild*, fiftyish Armina Marshall concentrates on "bringing the theater into U.S. homes." Unlike the *Lux Radio Theater*, which broadcasts



Tennessee Williams

ARMINA MARSHALL

High standards are expensive.

dramatizations of movies, the *Guild* usually draws on Broadway ("The only movies we ever do are classics like *All About Eve* and *The Lost Weekend*").

Its happy relation with the sponsor is not the only unusual thing about *Theatre Guild*. Though the show costs \$12,500 a week, the *Guild* nets only a relatively small profit, because "we spend a lot of money to keep our standards high." There are three days of rehearsal for each show, more rehearsal time than is used for any other radio program, and as much as is used on many TV shows. Whenever possible, the original stage casts are used on the air. In some cases, as with *The Winslow Boy*, a play goes on radio soon after it concludes its Broadway run. The only movie actors the *Guild* uses, says Armina Marshall bluntly, are "those who can act."

In its eight years on radio, the show has had remarkably few letters complaining of its plays or the political backgrounds of its casts ("We just forward those letters to U.S. Steel and they answer them"). The biggest furor occurred when the *Guild* presented Tennessee Williams' *Summer*

Science writes a "Fish Story"



Fantastic as the "tallest" of fishing tales, here is the true story of how fishing is being saved in the Great Lakes.

Cutting through scales to drain a lake trout's blood, the sea lamprey is a voracious killer. Armed with a hideous tooth-lined sucker, this nightmare creature reduced the yearly United States trout catch in Lake Huron alone from 1,345,000 lbs. to 41,000 in seven years.

Seeking to end these murderous inroads on the lake trout, whitefish and perch populations, the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service turned to Cook Electric Company. A team of Fishery Research Biologists and the staff of the Cook Research Laboratories found the answer after extensive experimentation—an electromechanical weir that would electrocute or suffocate the adult lampreys as they sought their spawning grounds.

Designed, perfected and installed in Michigan's Ocqueoc River, this experi-

mental system of Cook Research Laboratories has definitely proved effective in the control of the movement of lampreys to spawning grounds. A low voltage intermittent DC guiding field leads the more sensitive game fish around the areas carrying the lethal electric charge.

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and *Smoke* on an Easter Sunday. "It was bad timing," concedes Armina Marshall, "because the girl in the play becomes a prostitute. Ever since then on Easter Sunday we try to do a classic." About a dozen plays have been repeated (e.g., *Three Men on a Horse*, *Little Women*, *Reflected Glory*). The biggest audiences are consistently drawn by the acting team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

Six years ago the *Guild* experimentally did a series of plays on NBC's television network, but it was agreed that "TV wasn't ready for us, and we weren't ready for them." Plans are now set for the *Guild* to try TV again this fall. "The only thing to be decided is who will sponsor the show," says Armina. And she adds, warmly: "We all hope it's going to be U.S. Steel."

The New Shows

You Are There (Sun. 6 p.m., CBS-TV) is another radio veteran making the switch to TV. Its basic idea: to recreate events of the past as though they are news stories of the present. Unfortunately, the show flunked its first two assignments: the 1937 destruction of the airship *Hindenburg*, and the 1882 killing of Jesse James. *You Are There's* chief trouble is a tendency to meander instead of march to its dramatic climax. Also, its characters are too wordily aware of their place in history. The sponsor (on alternate weeks): America's Electric Light & Power Companies.

Action in the Afternoon (weekdays, 3:30 p.m., CBS-TV) has a permanent outdoor set: a Western cowtown built by Philadelphia's WCAU-TV on a vacant lot. But, though the TV camera gets outdoors, it has little freedom: there are no long chases on horseback or free-for-all bar-room brawls in the movie horse-opera tradition. The dialogue limps even more obviously than the camera. *Action in the Afternoon*, still without sponsor, is an experiment that needs a lot more work.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Feb. 20. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Your Challenge (Fri. 9 p.m., NBC). A new series based on conditions in U.S. penitentiaries.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *La Bohème* (in Italian), with De Los Angeles, Pearce, Capechi.

American Forum of the Air (Sun. 2:30 p.m., NBC & NBC-TV). "Is the McCarran-Walter Law Fair?" Discussion by Representative Francis E. Walter and Senator Paul Douglas.

TELEVISION

All Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Martha Raye, with Ezio Pinza, Rocky Marciano.

Omnibus (Sun. 4:30 p.m., CBS). The Metropolitan Opera's new English version of *La Bohème*, with Conner, Sullivan, Guerra.

Fireside Theater (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC). Anita Louise in *The Juror*.



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Says Robison, "We just couldn't cover the territory without our Cessna. It's much cheaper to operate than a car, actually saves us days of travel time in these mountains. And it's ideal for quick vacations," he adds. "One Friday, we flew to Seattle, completed our business in the morning, and by 6 p.m. had landed a 23-lb. salmon!"

Adds Feusner, "Our 170 has power enough to climb above 12,000 ft. yet you can low-land it on a dime. Cessna's high wing gives us visibility in the mountains, a cool cabin over the desert and stability in rough air. It's no exaggeration, everyone we take flying wants a Cessna. We certainly wouldn't part with ours!"

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Logging Branches Out

In N. California's rugged Humboldt County—most heavily truck-traveled in the U. S.—Jack Fairhurst, 33, of Fairhurst Lumber Co., avoids crowded roads in a Cessna 195, says, "The days it has saved us have paid the plane's cost many times over!"

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"The Cessna has almost eliminated work stoppages due to equipment breakdowns and last year it enabled me to spend 100 more nights at home," Fairhurst adds. He praises the 195's visibility, landing ease and low maintenance, says

his firm recently purchased another 195 for out-of-state use.

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THE THEATER

Last Stop

After a twelve-week warmup, the bare-stage version of Stephen Vincent Benét's *John Brown's Body* (TIME, Dec. 22) began its Broadway run last week. The show, starring Judith Anderson, Tyrone Power and Raymond Massey, had already covered 14,000 miles, given 80 performances in 60 cities. Most of Manhattan's critics gave *John Brown & Co.* columns of raves. The dissenter: John Chapman, of the tabloid *Daily News*, recommended the show to those who "are looking for a nap. . . . It was only duty which kept me from dozing through a large part of the artistically elaborate and physically uninteresting proceedings. . . ."

New Musical in Manhattan

Hazel Flagg (book by Ben Hecht; music & lyrics by Jule Styne and Bob Hilliard) is generally cheerful, insistently lavish and notably loud. Based on *Nothing Sacred*, a satiric Ben Hecht movie of the '30s, the story tells of a vast fraud; a young Vermont girl pretends to be dying of radium poisoning and yearns for lights and laughter at the end. Brought to New York City, Hazel Flagg stands forth a creature of heartbreaking gaudiness, reduces the city to wild and wet-eyed idolatry, inspires everything from prayers to parades.

As satire, Hecht's libretto is commonplace and even oafish; certainly *Hazel Flagg* uses a maximum of heavy artillery to inflict a minimum of wounds. Once again music comedy, in the act of satirizing

something else, has ended by satirizing itself—by pointing up its own excesses of color, blare, manpower and, above all, length. Jule Styne's pounding music suggests a New York that never sleeps, and unconsciously gives the reason why. Robert Alton's dances get to be relentlessly, unremittingly lively. If only there were less of everything in *Hazel Flagg*, it might add up to a great deal more.

But even as primitive satire, the story is more tolerable than the usual music-comedy romance. There are some amusing burlesque ditties—*Who Is the Bravest?* and *Every Street's a Boulevard in Old New York*. There are glittering Miles White costumes and gay Harry Horner sets. As Hazel, Helen Gallagher is an attractive, versatile and spirited *malade imaginaire*. And, with New York for a locale and a tour of it as part of the plot, *Hazel Flagg* at times achieves the welcome variety and topicality of a revue.

New Play in Manhattan

The Emperor's Clothes (by George Tabori) is theatrically an in-&-outer and artistically a might-have-been. Playwright Tabori (*Flight Into Egypt*) has yoked a fascinating idea for a play to a good deal more familiar one, and the two neither run very well in harness nor altogether keep to the road. Tabori's scene is Budapest in 1930; his atmosphere that of an incipient police state; his chief characters a small boy (Brandon de Wilde), and his father (Lee J. Cobb). The boy inhabits a mental world swarming with such heroes as Sherlock Holmes, Hoot Gibson and the Scarlet Pimpernel. But his chief hero is his father—a schoolmaster who has been blacklisted for unorthodox opinions, and who has lost his backbone along with his job.

Suddenly the boy's florid, noised-about fancies bring in the police. They arrest him, then bring him home, only to question and arrest his father. Before he goes off, the father disillusiones his hero-worshipping son by spewing forth a lot of ugly facts. But at the final curtain he is more his son's hero than ever.

There could be a terrifying play in what the fantasies of a Tarkingtonian small boy could give rise to in a totalitarian society; the scene in *The Emperor's Clothes* where two goons grill the father about Hoot Gibson's war on "the cattle barons" is a frightening *reductio ad absurdum* of police state methods. But what might have been a brilliantly sardonic social satire has first been squeezed inside a domestic framework, and then dropped from the picture itself. Though the family story has its own realistic interest, it is never made real. Mixing and garnishing his moods at will, Tabori achieved vivid scenes but an unfocused play. The production and acting are uneven also, though in his best scenes Actor Cobb is brilliant.

The Emperor's Clothes has a crashing finale; but what crashes is whatever is left of a serious play. The play takes its

name from the Hans Christian Andersen tale in which a small boy is the only person who dares to cry out that the parading Emperor has no clothes on. Tabori's play has all too many clothes on, but there is not much underneath.

Old Play in Manhattan

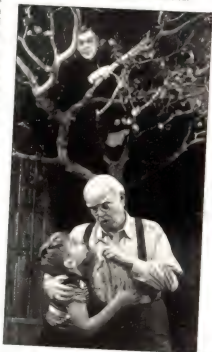
On Borrowed Time (adapted from Lawrence Edward Watkins' novel by Paul Osborn) holds up pleasantly after 15 years. If it seemed generally overpraised in 1938, it has fresh grounds for praise today, for 76-year-old Victor Moore brings a touch of magic to the role of Gramps, where the late Dudley Digges brought only skill. It is, to be sure, a naturally endearing role—the tired old grandfather determined to save his little orphaned grandson (David John Stollery) from the clutches of a dreary maiden aunt. To do so Gramps chases Death—in the person of Mr. Brink—up an apple tree and keeps him there till he's ready to let him down.

On Borrowed Time is an appealing fantasy, though its appeal does not lie in what is fantastic about it. It lies in what is realistic and homely—in Gramps's snorting and swearing, in details of family life; it lies in turning poetry into prose—in portraying Death (Leo G. Carroll) as a sort of bill collector, in stationing the eternal verities in a small-town backyard. Few plays containing five deaths plus Death itself can boast—for two acts—so lightly treated a tone or so dry a touch. But the last act has Playwright Osborn as well as Mr. Brink up a tree—a tree whose apples start turning to metaphysical applesauce. But Victor Moore, with the resources of a fine, seasoned comic, remains a fine, salty codger to the end.



HELEN GALLAGHER

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MILESTONES

Died, Clark Lee, 46, war correspondent and author (*They Call It Pacific, One Last Look Around*), who escaped from Corregidor, covered the Pacific war from start to finish before turning free lance and settling down on Monterey peninsula with his wealthy wife. Hawaiian Princess Liliuokalani Kawanakoa (granddaughter of the late Queen Liliuokalani); of a heart attack; in Pebble Beach, Calif.

Died, Lev Zakharovich Mekhlis, 64, one of two Jews* holding top-ranking posts in the U.S.S.R.; reportedly of a heart attack. A longtime Stalin favorite, he was a veteran revolutionist, editor of *Pravda*, vice-commissar of defense, and army political commissar. As Commissar of State Control, Mekhlis was wartime production boss (he directed the evacuation of industry to the east) and chief inspector of the Soviet economy until illness forced his retirement in 1950. Red leaders, busy at their purge of Jews, announced to the world their "profound grief" at Mekhlis' death and staged an elaborate state funeral in Red Square.

Died, Elbert Duncan Thomas, 69, scholarly New Deal Senator from Utah (1932-50), a sponsor of the G.I. Bill of Rights, and Truman-appointed High Commissioner of the U.S. trust territories in the Pacific; of pulmonary infarction; in Honolulu. A benign Ph. D., Thomas served five years as a Mormon missionary in Japan, taught Latin, Greek, political science and Oriental history at the University of Utah, wrote six books (*Sukui No Michi*, *Chinese Political Thought*, *The Four Fears*, etc.), doodled in Japanese.

Died, David Aiken Reed, 72, onetime (1922-34) Old Guard Senator from Pennsylvania and an early Republican casualty of the New Deal; of a heart attack; in Sarasota, Fla. Polished, lofty Princetonian Reed was a spokesman in Congress for Pennsylvania big business, deplored the New Deal and all its works, including its articulate solicitude for the "common man" (he once referred to his own constituents as "a lot of dunderheads").

Died, Roy Orchard Woodruff, 76, long-time (1913-15, 1921-52) Republican Congressman from Michigan who entered the House as a winner on Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moose ticket, was a conservative shaper of G.O.P. policy during 14 years as chairman of the House Republican Conference; after long illness; in Washington, D.C.

Died, Ralph Henry Cameron, 89, Maine-born Republican Senator from Arizona (1921-27), the state's last territorial delegate and a prime mover in its admission to the Union in 1912 as the 48th state; in Washington, D.C.

* The other: Presidium Member Lazar M. Kaganovich, brother of Stalin's third wife.

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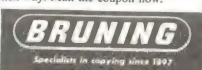
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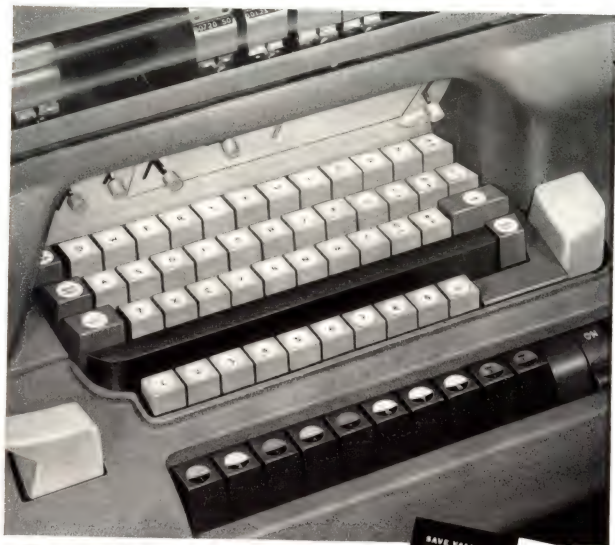
The fact that most Traffic Managers are experts in materials handling and control methods is sometimes forgotten. This company remembered . . . and saved a sizeable part of their expansion budget.

\$50,000 facilities at half price. The company that told us this story had outgrown their old plant. Plans were made to build a \$50,000 addition to take care of increased business. When the blueprint stage was reached they called in their Traffic Man to discuss new loading platform and sidings.

When he understood their problem, the Traffic expert presented an alternate suggestion employing fork lift trucks and pallets. This plan gave the company *three times* the additional cubic space needed and did it *right in the old plant*. Expansion plans were abandoned at once. The necessary equipment was purchased at half the cost of the proposed addition and increased capacity was effected immediately. If they'd only asked the Traffic Manager sooner they could have saved the price of the blueprints as well.

Traffic often has the answer. Examples like this are happening every day. In Transportation, in Sales, in Packaging, in Production and just about every other phase of business. That's why more and more companies are setting up Traffic as an entirely independent department reporting directly to top management.

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*is vitally interested in any plan
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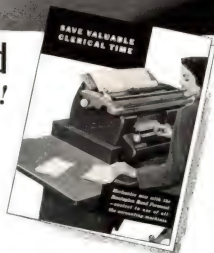
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ACCOUNTING MACHINES

BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Freer & Higher

No sooner had the Government issued the new decontrols on materials and prices (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) than the law of supply & demand reasserted itself. In areas where shortages still existed, prices moved up. On the West Coast, crude oil went up 10¢ a barrel, and Socony-Vacuum predicted a nationwide boost of 1¢ a gallon in the price of gasoline. Scrap copper, supplies of which had dwindled to almost nothing in expectation of a free market, scooted up 4¢ a lb. to 25¢. Since that was more than the ceiling price on refined copper (24½¢ a lb.), metalmen were sure that the refined metal will spurt closer to the world price of 36¢ if its price controls are lifted. Steelmen predicted that prime scrap steel, now at \$36 a ton in New York, would soar \$10.

The Government's lifting of quotas on the production of many civilian products, plus its easing of the Controlled Materials Plan, meant that once defense orders on the books are filled, producers can supply their civilian customers as they choose. At first glance, that seemed to be better news than it is. Actually, materials are so short that producers are already turning out as much as they can.

In the auto industry, for example, the quota for the second quarter is 1,500,000 cars, whereas materials have been allotted for only 1,250,000. Automakers have had their hands full getting enough metals for even that many cars. With metals still tight, a bigger test will come when & if ceilings on copper, steel and aluminum are abolished. Since scrap prices are rising, the primary metals are sure to follow if the ceilings come off.

Despite the probability of such scattered increases, there still seemed little threat of any overall puff of new inflation. Nevertheless, the Eisenhower Administration was taking no chances. Back into harness as stabilization consultant came James F. Brownlee, 61, a Manhattan businessman who did stints with OPA and WPB during World War II, at war's end became deputy director in the Office of Economic Stabilization. Brownlee, working with Studebaker's President Harold S. Vance, will help set up new mobilization machinery. Best guess is that Jim Brownlee would make a strong argument for a stand-by control bill for use against any further inflation.

FOREIGN TRADE

"The Revolutionary Force"

To a swelling chorus of businessmen demanding a reduction in U.S. tariffs the voice of Henry Ford II was added this week. The U.S., said Ford Motor Co.'s boss in a speech scheduled before the Inland Daily Press Association, "can and should step forth boldly and lead the free



HENRY FORD II
Why shake with fear?

world toward freer trade" by elimination of all tariffs and other restrictions. In turn, "if foreign countries want American private capital, it's fair to ask that they act in a way which will encourage the American investor" by "guarantees against expropriation of property and the elimination of inequitable double taxation . . .

"We businessmen constantly applaud competition and private enterprise, and damn socialism and planned economies. We accuse our foreign neighbors of lacking the kind of spirit which has made American industry great. We implore them



HOWARD HUGHES
What's a bargain?

United Press

to follow our example and get off our backs. So I just say, let's practice what we preach, where it will do us and our allies some real good. Let's give our friends a fair crack at the American market . . . I believe we ought to get rid of the 10¢ tariff on automobiles^o at once.

"We could easily absorb another five or six billion dollars' worth of goods from abroad each year . . . When we consider . . . the great [production] edge we have on the rest of the world, it just isn't sensible—and courageous—to shake with fear at the thought that we might run into a little competition . . . One sure result of free trade with a prosperous free world is a greatly expanded market for the goods which American industry wants to sell . . ."

As steps toward this trade, the U.S. should: 1) write a new law to eliminate all tariffs as quickly as possible, 2) abandon the "Buy American Act" and quota system which "is contrary to every principle of free enterprise" because it permits only a fixed quantity of goods to enter the country, and 3) enact a workable law to simplify customs procedures.

Said Ford: "I believe this trade program can and should be sold on the basis of the practical self-interest it represents. Rightly or wrongly, the American people and most foreign peoples feel that American business will be a more powerful force in the councils of the new Administration. Rightly or wrongly, the Republican Party and industry are associated . . . with high tariffs and isolationism.

"I think private enterprise must make a head-on assault on these problems, based on the managerial know-how and the spirit of venture which is the soul of our capitalist economy.

"After all, what is needed more than American dollars and American goods in the world today is American business know-how. And by 'know-how' I do not mean just the tricks and techniques of mass production. I mean our driving belief that no problem is insurmountable, and that nothing is being done as well as it could be done. This is the one truly revolutionary force in the world today."

SHOW BUSINESS

An Old Flame Returns

Like an old flame who would not be jilted, RKO Pictures Corp. was back in Howard Hughes's lap last week. For the five-man syndicate, headed by Chicago Punchboard Promoter Ralph Stolkin which had bought Hughes's controlling interest in RKO for \$7,003,940, it was the end of a short flirtation with moviemaking. Unable to control the company because of bad publicity about their past

^o Three months ago, the Detroit board of commerce, of which Ford and other automakers are members, also came out with a proposal to scrap all tariffs, said that free trade is "inevitable" (TIME, Nov. 17).

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Dubonnet Blonde

Dubonnet and Dubonnet Blonde Aperitif Wines
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94

activities (TIME, Oct. 27), the syndicate had tried to sell the stock, but found no takers at anything like the \$7 a share it had paid for it. Though it meant abandoning a \$1,250,000 down payment and \$100,000 in interest, the cheapest way out seemed to be to return the stock to Hughes.

Though richer by \$1,350,000 on the deal, Hughes seemed to be getting no bargain. RKO has been losing \$100,000 a week, and has made only one picture in seven months. If Hughes, who has tired of the studio, means to try to sell it again, he will have to put it in better shape first.

Last week Hughes picked the man he thinks can do the job. Subject to his board's approval, Hughes named as RKO's new president James R. Grainger, a veteran Hollywood distributor who is sales manager of Republic Pictures. But what RKO needed most of all was someone who could get it back into making movies.

Re-United Artists

In the chancy movie business, a producer without distribution is like a camera without film. Ever since it was set up in 1919 by Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith, United Artists has been a distributing outlet for independent moviemakers. It permitted them to break away from the domination of the big studios and take a chance making their own movies.

In later years, United Artists came upon hard times chiefly because Owners Pickford and Chaplin could not agree on how it should be run. On top of that, the post-war movie slump killed off many independents, and few exhibitors wanted the small number of third-rate movies U.A. could get. By 1950 the debt-ridden company was losing \$70,000 a week, and seemed ready to fall into bankruptcy.

Hard Bargain. As a last resort, Partners Pickford and Chaplin turned to a lawyer named Arthur Krim, now 42, whose New York firm of Phillips, Nizer, Benjamin & Krim specialized in movie litigation. Krim had attended Columbia Law School, edited its law review, graduated (Phi Beta Kappa) at the top of his class in 1932, and gone immediately into law practice. During World War II, Krim, commissioned a lieutenant colonel, served as assistant to Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson. At war's end, Krim was named president of Railroader Robert R. Young's Eagle Lion Films, Inc., a film producer, left when it began to fade away, and went back to his New York law firm.

When United Artists finally came to him in February of 1951, Krim drove a hard bargain. His terms: he would pay no money for control of the company (though Mary Pickford said it was worth \$5,400,000); if the company should show a profit in any one of the next three years, Krim's control would be extended up to ten years, and half the stock would go to him and Law Partner Robert Benjamin.

To get the company on its feet, Krim got a \$3,750,000 loan from Walter E. Heller & Co., a Chicago factoring house, and 4,000 shares of U.A. stock, which he



Murray Garrett—Graphic Photo
MOVIEMAN KRIM

He supplied a happy ending.

used to lure a crack management team from other studios. He also began buying up all the movies available (e.g., Eagle Lion's library of 200 films, including *The Red Shoes*), and guaranteed exhibitors 36 pictures a year.

Hard Cash. Within ten months the company was turning a profit. Krim and Benjamin thus got half the stock, and Krim the right to vote 100% of the stock until 1961. Last year, through such money-makers as *The African Queen* and *High Noon*, United Artists' profits climbed fast. Last week pictures distributed by United Artists got 17 nominations for Academy Awards. United Artists is also a front runner in the three-dimensional race, having bought Arch Oboler's *Bwana Devil* for \$1,750,000. The picture has already grossed about \$1,000,000 in only 15 showings. On a take of 30-70%, depending on the movie, Krim expects United Artists' 1952 gross profits to hit the \$30-million mark.

EARNINGS

Billion-Dollar Checkout

The Billion Dollar Club of U.S. Corporations last week welcomed a new member. In 1952, for the first time, the sales of Kroger Grocery Co. topped \$1 billion, and its earnings rose from \$9,000,000 to \$12 million. Kroger's chain of 1,891 stores in 19 Midwest states thus became the 26th U.S. company with annual sales of more than \$1 billion.

Point of No Return

At first glance, the Lehigh Valley Railroad's report to its employees gave stockholders cause for cheer last week. Lehigh had grossed \$80,009,497 and netted \$7,205,179 last year, compared to a \$5,846,985 net in 1951. Furthermore, said President C. A. Major, since 1948 the road had cut its \$135 million debt down to

In addition to an ingenious and practical solution to the cooling problem of the great new Anheuser-Busch brewery at Newark, N. J., York supplied 28 special industrial air conditioners for the Cellars Building and Bottling House; special cooling coils for the Chip Cellar; and comfort air conditioning for offices.

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\$79,500,000, and had exchanged all its coal-burning locomotives for diesels. But the new equipment, Major explained, had cost some \$23 million, which Lehigh will have to pay off at the rate of \$3,000,000 a year. Because every cent Lehigh made in 1952 was plowed back into the road, President Major was forced to add to his good-year report some news all too familiar to Lehigh's long-patient shareholders: "1952 is therefore the 21st successive year in which the stockholders have received no return whatever."

FISCAL

Progress Report

Treasury Secretary George M. Humphrey totted up the results of his first refunding job for the U.S. last week, and concluded that it was a "big success." Of the \$8.9 billion worth of short-term securities maturing Feb. 15, only 1½% were cashed in, the rest exchanged for new securities. But the Treasury, which is trying to get more of the national debt on a long-term basis, made little headway in that direction. Less than 7% of the maturing short-term issue was exchanged for a new bond paying 2½% and maturing in five years and ten months (TIME, Feb. 9); the remaining 91% went right back into one-year certificates, at 2½%. It looked as if Secretary Humphrey would have to boost his interest rates on long-term bonds if he meant to sell a sizable amount of them.

ADVERTISING

The Carrot Look

Dress Designer Elizabeth Hawes once held that feminine fashion is spinach and said to hell with it. Gimbels' Manhattan department store holds that the crop has since changed. Until recently, it said in its ads, fashion was an onion: now it is a carrot. "Women have variously looked like hour-glasses, test-tubes, snakes, string-beans, pincushions, fiddles, pyramids and, in one supreme burst of misguided effort, men. But lately things have been pretty undrastic. Until now, that is. Now the fashion silhouette has been stood on its head. The little-top-and-full skirt (or onion look) is not so new as the full-top-and-little skirt (or carrot look).

"You get the new carrot look," said Gimbels. "By wearing big collars, rounded jackets, yoked shawls, standaway necklines and stoles. You get the carrot look by wearing slim, clinging skirts. If you will insist on full skirts, for reasons aesthetic or anatomical, you shoo the fullness to the rear and never wear more than one petticoat. It's [also] possible to look utterly 1953 by standing on your head."

REAL ESTATE

Deep in the Heart of Boston

Many an outsider thinks of Boston as a place largely populated by professors, antiquarians, dowagers, and other quaint characters who still like their Martinis three to one. But not Roger L. (for Lacey)

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Stevens. A 42-year-old Detroitier who rose from filling-station grease monkey to millionaire. Stevens was in the group that bought Manhattan's Empire State Building for \$51 million a year ago "because it looked like a cheap piece of real estate" (TIME, June 4, 1951 *et seq.*). To him, Boston is another such property.

Last week Stevens signed a contract to buy a 28-acre site in the heart of Back Bay, only a block from Copley Square, for \$4,500,000. On the property, now covered by Boston & Albany Railroad yards, Stevens and associates expect to build a \$75-million business and entertainment center along the lines of Manhattan's Rockefeller Center—only bigger. Still in the early planning stages, the new center would include a much-needed convention hall, two office buildings, a shopping center, a professional building for doctors and dentists, a theater, a hotel, and a 10,000-car underground garage. Said Boston's Mayor John B. Hynes: "This deal certainly explodes any myth that Boston is done for."

OIL

Wildcatting in Alaska

Along a bleak stretch of the southeastern shore of Alaska the country is blanketed by parts of three glaciers. Heavy snows fall in winter, during the summer, torrential rains pour down. In that spot last week, Phillips Petroleum Co. chose to go wildcatting for oil, the first major effort of a private company. Phillips' handsome, chance-taking Chairman Kenneth Stanley ("Boots") Adams, 53, thinks it is a sporting proposition largely because signs of oil have been found there by seepages and in icebergs from the area. Under Adams, Phillips has built a reputation in the oil business as an aggressive firm willing to pioneer, not only in oil exploration but in natural gas and petrochemicals.

In awarding Phillips the first Alaskan oil development contract, the Government set stiff terms. Phillips will have to spend at least \$1,200,000 on exploration before June 30, 1956, and another 40¢ an acre on the million-acre tract every year thereafter. It must also sink two wells by 1956, start another two by the middle of 1958, and drill a well a year in each of the two adjoining districts* (Katalla-Yakataga) from 1959 to 1963, making a total of twelve wells in ten years. Phillips will lose the rights to land it does not develop under the terms of the contract.

Phillips will not be alone in its oil hunt; it will team up with Oklahoma City's Kerr-McGee Oil Industries, headed by Oklahoma's Senator Robert S. Kerr. The two firms have gone 50-50 on exploring for oil from Montana to Louisiana for the past 15 years, started working together

* Because of the greater risk, Phillips will have to pay the Government only 25¢ an acre (vs. the standard 50¢-an-acre rental fee for Government lands in the U.S.) plus a 5% royalty on any oil it produces in the first ten years. After that the royalty goes up to 12 1/2%; the standard royalty on domestic oil, but the U.S. can take payment in cash or kind (i.e., oil).

Oil Quest



shortly before Adams became Phillips' president. The son of a railroad man, Adams left the University of Kansas in 1920, just short of graduation to join Phillips as a warehouse clerk. By 1932 he was assistant to President Frank Phillips. At 38, Adams was named treasurer, and in 1938 he became president. He moved up to board chairman 13 years later. In the Alaskan venture, Phillips, as usual, will put up the money. Kernan crews will do the geological exploring and drilling.

Of all Alaska's rich mineral wealth, oil has been the hardest to come by. Since the 20s, several companies have drilled its public lands, but all gave up. The only oil that has been found is on the U.S. Navy's 37,000-sq. mi. reserve at Point Barrow. It has cost the U.S. \$50 million in eight years of development.



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TIME, FEBRUARY 23, 1953



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GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Jet Craft. At Chicago's National Boat Show, Kermath Mfg. Co. showed off a new engine to propel small pleasure craft (16 to 21 ft.) by a high-pressure jet of water instead of a propeller. Kermath's 60-h.p. Hydrojet shoots out the water from a nozzle beneath the stern, steers the boat by changing the direction of the jet. Chief advantage: the jet boat has no propeller to break in shallow water. Price: \$990 f.o.b. Detroit.

Faster Adder. National Cash Register Co. brought out a new adding machine with a "Live Keyboard" that cuts down hand motions 25%. With all its keys electrified, the machine eliminates the add bar by automatically listing each figure. can add a ten-digit number in a single operation (compared to two to eleven operations on standard machines). Price, depending on the size of the keyboard: \$290 to \$385.

Dashboard Shaver. North American Philips Co. put on the market an electric shaver (the Norelco Sportsman) that operates on three flashlight batteries, can also be plugged into an automobile cigarette lighter socket. Price: \$29.95.

Automatic Gardener. Texas Lawn Sprinkler Co. is selling an electric control that automatically turns on an underground sprinkler system and waters a lawn when it needs it. Two electrodes keep track of the moisture in the air and soil. can be set to turn on the sprinkler system if the moisture falls below a certain point. Price of the sprinkler system varies according to the size of the lawn, e.g., about \$2,000 for a 100-by-200-ft. lawn. Price of the control: \$500.

Forger Failer. To foil rubber-check passers, Food Fair's 24 supermarkets in Philadelphia installed DiGiTab, a fingerprinting device. If the cashier is suspicious of a check, he asks the customer to leave a fingerprint, which is then attached to the check. DiGiTab's machine takes the print in a few seconds with a colorless, odorless, stainless ink. Where installed, DiGiTab has frightened forgers away. In the past five months, Milwaukee's Krambo Stores cashed 108,000 good checks totaling more than \$1,000,000. It did get stuck for \$250 worth, all cashed by the same forger, but DiGiTab helped nab him. Rental fee: \$100 a year.

Fresh from the Can. Denver's Winger Dairy Products Processing Co. put on the market canned milk which tastes much like fresh milk and has the same food value. It is homogenized, pasteurized, sealed in cans and sterilized, has kept as long as 18 months at room temperature without spoiling or losing its taste. Price: about 23¢ a quart.

Soluble Plant Food. In time for spring gardening, Du Pont will market a plant food which can be sprayed on to plant leaves or lawns without danger of burning them. The solution is absorbed through the foliage, and eliminates the need of drenching the soil to feed to the roots. A 1½-lb. can costs \$1.75.

Agreed...
Queen of Scotch



86.8
PROOF

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Dividend No. 45
on Common Stock

A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable March 10, 1953, to holders of record as of the close of business on February 27, 1953 on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
February 11, 1953.



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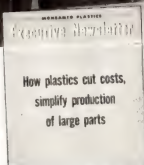
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CINEMA

Go Easy

Like many another woman getting ready for a party, Marilyn Monroe felt last week that she didn't have a thing to wear. So she asked her employer, 20th Century-Fox, if she might borrow, just for the evening, a gown she is wearing in her new picture, *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. The sleek, skintight gold lamé dress was designed to make the most of Marilyn's natural talents. Fox agreed to the loan, and glittering in her gold sheath, Marilyn was off to the party.

It was not a particularly lively party until Marilyn rose and threaded her way to the microphone to receive a *Photoplay* Magazine plaque ("Fastest Rising Star of 1952"). The girl who likes "to feel blonde all over" accepted her plaque demurely and got a polite round of applause. Then she turned and started back in the hip-flicking "walkaway" that has contributed to her fame. It was suddenly too much for the audience. They cheered, leered, whistled and made wolf noises. But amid all the good-natured laughter and shouting, Marilyn's boss, Fox's Darryl Zanuck, sat with a stiff, straight face.

Had Marilyn's super sex buildup backfired? The Hollywood scuttlebutt was that Fox was already getting complaints from women's clubs and other organizations about Marilyn's recent appearance in *Niagara*, in which she plays a wife with lowdown morals and lowdown neckties (*TIME*, Feb. 9). Her singing style in the picture is highly suggestive, and Fox has postponed release of her recording of the *Niagara* song, *Kiss*. To top it off, movie-makers were worried about a United Press poll of editors which revealed that they are tiring of the sort of "news" Marilyn and other starlets have been making lately. At week's end, the word was out to Hollywood's pressagents: go easier on the sex angle.

I.U.M.M.S.W. with Love

A schoolteacher from the little (pop. 5,000) mining town of Silver City, N.Mex. sat down and wrote a letter to Screen Actors Guild President Walter Pidgeon. A group of Mexican-American miners and their families, the teacher reported, were hard at work nearby on a semi-documentary movie. The film was being sponsored by the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, which was ousted from the C.I.O. in 1950 for being Communist-dominated. Director of the picture: Herbert Biberman, one of Hollywood's "unfriendly ten" (*TIME*, May 31, 1948). Director's assistants: Paul Jarrico and Paul R. Perlman (both were called Communists at hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee). Heading the production: Clinton Jencks, international representative of the I.U.M.M.S.W. Worrying about the Mexican-American amateur actors, the Silver City schoolteacher wrote: "I cannot bear to see a minority group . . . used . . . Please help



WALKAWAY IN GOLD LAMÉ
Her boss was not amused.

and advise me how to do my duty." The news of the project was all over Hollywood last week. Film groups were demanding a federal investigation, and it looked as if they would get action.

In Silver City, Clinton Jencks barred the press from his moviemaking and blandly explained that the film would merely try to win friends by tracing the union's history and presenting its problems. True, he admitted, two carloads of Negroes had been imported to play in mob sequences, and there would be strike scenes. But, Jencks said, the picture is mostly fiction and would even have some love interest. "If Hollywood tries to blacklist some of its finest workers," he added, "that is Hollywood's loss, but if these workers help us . . . that is our gain . . . The union has just as much right to make a movie as RKO or M-G-M."

The New Pictures

City Beneath the Sea [Universal-International] is the onetime pirate stronghold of Port Royal, Jamaica, which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1602 and submerged in the Caribbean by a tidal wave. Around this colorful historic event, the movie spins a modern plot about a couple of deep-sea divers (Robert Ryan and Anthony Quinn) searching for a million dollars in sunken gold.

When Ryan and Quinn are not trying to retrieve the bullion against the onslaughts of the elements, they are pursuing the lady skipper of a banana boat (Mala Powers) and a nightclub entertainer (Susan Ball). Sample of the dampish dialogue: Diver



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Quinn, parrying a marriage proposal by Suzan—"Think of what our kids might be like, full of bends and nitro bubbles." *City Beneath the Sea* has a few eerily effective underwater scenes, filmed in Technicolor, depicting Port Royal's ghostly ruins.

Angel Face (RKO Radio) has as its leading character that familiar film figure—the beautiful but evil-hearted female. In this turgid thriller, she is a spoiled young woman (Jean Simmons) who, for no very clear reason, plots to murder her stepmother (Barbara O'Neil). She accomplishes her purpose by tampering with the reverse gear on her stepmother's automobile so that it backs over a cliff. Accidentally, the murderer's father (Herbert Marshall) also happens to be in the car at the time.

From then on things go from bad to worse for the beautiful killer. Although she manages to elude the law, retribution catches up with her. When the family chauffeur (Robert Mitchum) spurns her love because he does not approve of the way she goes around demolishing people and automobiles, she decides to kill herself. With Mitchum in the car, she throws the gear into reverse and goes catapulting back over the cliff where her parents died. At this point *Angel Face* comes to an end, having just about run out of both actors and automobiles.

Rustlers & Redskins

Two new run-of-the-range westerns have their standard quota of cattle rustlers, galloping cowpokes and Indians on the warpath.

Gunsake (Universal-International) casts Audie Murphy as a sort of Dead End kid on horseback—a hired gunslinger who is fast with the girls and fast on the draw. When he threatens pretty Susan Cabot with a pistol, she says: "You can put your gun away. I'm not dangerous." Says Audie: "You could be. You've got the right equipment for it."

Morally uplifted by his love for Susan, Audie eventually 1) annihilates a group of real-estate operators who are trying to grab the ranch of Susan's father (Paul Kelly), 2) rounds up Kelly's cattle and drives them to market against obstacles, natural and otherwise, 3) clinches with Susan in a Technicolor fadeout. In its resolutely conventional blend of sagebrush and six-shooters, *Gunsake* manages not to violate in any detail the venerable horse-opera formula established by *The Great Train Robbery* 50 years ago.

Seminole (Universal-International) takes place in early 19th century Florida territory, where a martinet of a U.S. Army major (Richard Carlson) seems determined to wipe out the friendly Seminole Indians. Championing the cause of the redskins is a dashing lieutenant (Rock Hudson), a boyhood friend of the Seminole chief (Anthony Quinn) with whom he is competing for the same girl (Barbara Hale). After a lot of war-whooping, Indian raids and military attacks—during which the chief gets killed, the major gets his



ROBERT MITCHUM & JEAN SIMMONS
He disapproves of murder.

comeuppance and the lieutenant gets the girl—a peaceful settlement of the Seminole problem appears imminent. Set in the Everglades country, *Seminole* has several rousing action scenes, but most of the time it is bogged down in swampy melodrama.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Peter Pan. J. M. Barrie's fantasy about "the boy who would not grow up," in a freewheeling, feature-length, Technicolor cartoon adaptation by Walt Disney (TIME, Feb. 2).

The Little World of Don Camillo. A film version of Giovannino Guareschi's bestselling novel about a militant parish priest and a Communist mayor; with France's Fernandel, Italy's Gino Cervi (TIME, Jan. 10).

Moulin Rouge. Director John Huston's colorful, exuberant film biography of French Painter Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec; with José Ferrer (TIME, Jan. 5).

The Member of the Wedding. Carson McCullers' poetic play about a twelve-year-old girl's growing pains; with Julie Harris, Ethel Waters and Brandon de Wilde in their original Broadway parts (TIME, Dec. 20).

Come Back, Little Sheba. William Inge's Broadway hit about two mismatched people, faithfully transferred to the screen; with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster (TIME, Dec. 20).

Forbidden Games. A small French masterpiece that looks at a grownup's warring world through the realistic eyes of a child (TIME, Dec. 8).

Hans Christian Andersen. Producer Sam Goldwyn's lavish musical fairy tale about Denmark's great spinner of fairy tales; with Danny Kaye, French Ballerina Jeanne Moreau (TIME, Dec. 1).

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BOOKS

The Art of Escape

THE COLDITZ STORY (288 pp.)—P. R. Reid—Lippincott (\$3.95).

Two British officers, talking things over one day in June 1940, agreed that what they had chiefly in common was an intense desire to be somewhere else. One had a Christmas date in England that he wanted to keep. The other said that if he did not get away, his wife would accuse him of "not caring for her any more." Said Captain Reid to Captain Barry: "Good, let's start." The only catch was that they were then in a German prisoner-of-war camp near Salzburg, Austria.

In *The Colditz Story*, Author Patrick Reid tells how he and some of his fellow captives raised the risky business of escape to something close to an art. As a narrator, Reid achieves a blend of humor and clean storytelling that makes this just about the best of the many escape books of World War II.

The Majestic Castle. Reid and Barry, along with a friend, got out of Oflag VII C all right, completely outsmarting their German keepers by using the classic tunnel scheme. Theirs was one of the first World War II escapes on record, and almost everything about it worked fine. They had got halfway to Yugoslavia when they were surrounded by a patrol. The next day they were back in Oflag VII C again.

The Germans had a place for prisoners who wouldn't stay put, and there they sent Reid. The castle at Colditz, in Saxony, was considered escape-proof, and it certainly looked it. "Almost upon leaving the station, we saw looming above us our future prison: beautiful, serene, majestic, and yet forbidding enough to make our hearts sink into our boots." Although most of Germany was blacked out against Allied air attacks, powerful searchlights shone on every inch of Colditz all night.

Over the Wall. Studying Colditz, Reid saw little prospect of a successful getaway. Yet get away he did, and so did a nervy sprinkling of others. For a while, Reid himself was "morally" committed to stay, for his special talents were soon recognized by his fellow officers, and he was made "Escape Officer" in charge of planning breaks for the whole British contingent. Much of *The Colditz Story* relates the attempts, both successful and tragically unsuccessful, of other escapees.

A French officer named Lebrun pulled the most audacious stunt of all, one that depended on pure nerve and agility. A fine athlete, he was exercising in the courtyard. Suddenly, using a confederate's hands as a stirrup, he was sent flying and catapulted over the wall. Under fire, he reached the outside wire wall, cleared that and got clean away. A British officer later tried the same method and was shot dead.



COLDITZ PRISON UNDER FLOODLIGHTS
In Saxony, a rope of sheets.

Reid's own getaway was a masterpiece of timing, meticulous preparation and sheer nerve. In & out of windows, over roofs, dashing for cover when sentries made their turns, and so out through a flue, Reid and three companions reached the outer wall and let themselves down on a rope of sheets. Using forged identity cards made by prisoner experts, and equipped with civilian clothes, a memorized map and German learned at Colditz, Reid and one of his pals made good progress through Germany.

In the Munich railway station, he almost gave the show away when he called out in English. "All right, Hank, I've got the tickets," but he drew only glares from the crowd. A short distance from

the Swiss frontier, they were challenged by a German sentry, but posed as Flemish workmen and convinced him. That night, less than four days after leaving Colditz, Reid and his friend stopped under a lamppost in a Swiss village and shook hands. Even the British government thought it was a pretty good getaway. Reid's reward: the Military Cross.

"Go In & Sink"

U-BOAT 977 (260 pp.)—Heinz Schaeffer—Norton (\$3.50).

"We used to have wooden ships and iron men. Now we've got iron ships and wooden men," said the training officer to a bunch of German naval cadets just after World War II began. Cadet Heinz Schaeffer, 18, soon found that officers and NCOs had ways of putting iron into the German navy's new blood. Each man was handed an electrically charged bar. Movies recorded who screamed and who bit his cheeks in the approved stoic fashion. It was deep winter, but at 6 a.m., reveille the cadets fell in on the weather deck of the training ship, stripped to the waist, washed and shaved out of ice-filled buckets of water. On shore the treatment was reversed: pushups with everyone swaddled in three pairs of pajamas, two blue uniforms, a grey overcoat, woolen cap, steel helmet and pack, in a room as hot as a pressure cooker.

Before long, Cadet Schaeffer's group was assigned to U-boat duty, and one day late in 1941 the fledgling submariners heard the speech they had been waiting for, the one that ended: "Go in and sink!"

As a U-boat officer, Author Schaeffer saw the end of many an Allied merchantman. While he rarely tells his story as well as the U.S. Navy's Commander Edward Beach in *Submarine!*, his book has two special interests: 1) it is the first by a World War II U-boat commander, and



U-BOAT COMMANDER SCHAEFFER
In Argentina, an annoying suspicion.



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2) its tone of "My fatherland, right or wrong" shows remorse only for losing the war.

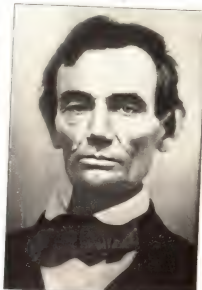
40 Days to Live. Almost before Author Schaeffer and his sub mates had warmed to the role of ship-killers, they found themselves among the hunted. By Christmas 1942, the U-boats in the Atlantic were already spending much of their time trying to avoid radar and Allied planes. In Schaeffer's boat the men got so jumpy they began mistaking seagulls for planes, and shelling lighthouses. Once they were pinned down for eight hours while 168 depth charges thundered around them.

Near war's end the British were able to estimate the life expectancy of any U-boat at 45 days. "Forty days was generous," says Author Schaeffer. But Admiral Dönitz, who lost two sons in the submarine service kept sending the U-boats out. Schaeffer was assigned to commanders' training school just before the sub in which he had been on duty was sunk with all hands.

V-E day came before Commander Schaeffer's U-977 had fired a torpedo. Schaeffer assembled his crew, many of them teen-agers, and filled them with scary bilge about what they could expect in postwar Germany—how all its males would no doubt be sterilized and the country turned into a goat pasture. He added another naive touch which he obviously hopes will take in 1953's reader, to the effect that the Allies had fought not out of hatred of Nazism, "as they have pretended—for Nazism ended with the death of Hitler—but of the people of Germany themselves." Since "good German" Schaeffer could not bring himself to turn over his sub to the Allies, he asked his crew to vote for a transatlantic dash to Argentina. Thirty-one men voted ja; the rest were put ashore in Norway.

66 Days Under the Sea. The final voyage of U-977 was by far its most memorable. Snorkel-equipped, but with its periscope accidentally shattered, U-977 stayed submerged—and moved blind—for a record 66 days. Each of the two engines broke down in turn and had to be repaired. Diesel fumes and smoke choked the crew. The bulkheads dripped with green mold. Short of soap and wearing wet clothes washed in salt water, the men broke out in rashes and boils. With half its fuel gone and only one-third of the trip completed, U-977 finally surfaced. Thereafter, except for a few anxious moments, the South Atlantic crossing was pretty much a pleasure jaunt, with the men spearing fish or taking surfboard exercise behind the sub.

When Commander Schaeffer brought U-977 into Mar del Plata Harbor on Aug. 17, 1945, he was ready for almost anything but the one suspicion that most interested the Allied commissioners who questioned him: that U-977 had carried Hitler to some South American hideaway. Schaeffer eventually convinced them it had not. The legend that Hitler is still alive annoys Schaeffer. Its danger, he feels, is that Germans may believe it and sit back "waiting for ghosts to return from the grave to do their work for them."



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THE COLLECTED WORKS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (8 vols. Index to come)—Roy P. Basler, Editor—(\$115).

This week's Lincoln book is 4,452 pages long, and most of it is written by Abraham Lincoln himself. The first jolting is a rhyme, probably not original with the teen-age writer:

*Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
god knows When*

The last entry is an engagement note: "Allow Mr. Ashmun & friend to come in at 9 a.m. tomorrow, A. Lincoln." It was an engagement the President never kept, for the note was signed at 8:30 p.m. on April 14, 1865, minutes before he left the White House for Ford's Theater, where John Wilkes Booth waited.

Between the first and last Lincoln autographs, there were thousands of letters, speeches, business notes and miscellaneous jottings. In 1924 a group of Lincoln enthusiasts known as the Abraham Lincoln Association dedicated themselves to the staggering task of tracing down every scrap. Now, with the publication of *The Collected Works of Abraham Lincoln* (in 3,300 sets—1,000 sold before publication), they consider the job 99% complete. The missing 1%: items owned by holdouts who refused to cooperate, a few papers that have turned up since the work was printed and whatever (perhaps) may turn up in the future. Satisfied that their 20-year mission is accomplished, the Abraham Lincoln Association* has disbanded.

Hundreds of Lincoln entries are of only

* Whose onetime executive secretary, Benjamin P. Thomas, wrote *Abraham Lincoln* (TIME, Nov. 10), the best one-volume biography available.

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trifling interest, even to historians. Taken together, the eight volumes show little of the intellectual curiosity and range of the writings of Thomas Jefferson (six volumes published, 46 to come). But the character which builds in them, especially during the later years, is more impressive than anything the legendmakers have been able to fashion. The native wit, the humility, the triumphant common sense are as abundant as the 5,000-odd hooks about him claim they were.

Lady with a Lance

THE SECOND SEX (732 pp.)—Simone de Beauvoir—Knopf (\$10).

Numberless are the world's wonders, but none

More wonderful than man; the storm-greys

Yields to his prowess, the huge crests bear him high . . .

Were Sophocles to croon this chorus (from *Antigone**) below the boudoir of Existentialist Simone de Beauvoir, she would very likely fling wide her French window and bomb him with *The Second Sex* (weight: 2½ lbs.). For Sophocles' measures stand for just about everything that Author de Beauvoir considers most hateful in human life. As she sees it the male's conquest of the earth, the sea etc. is just an analogue of his smug conquest of the little woman.

Many authors of both sexes have bent their pens to the exploration of this subject, but none has bent so nearly double as Author de Beauvoir, or painted the plight of woman on so large a canvas. She begins her book, in time, with a discussion of Eve in the Garden of Eden, and carries right on from there through recorded history to the age of Dr. Kinsey. By the time she has finished her biological, psychoanalytical and historical-materialist dissection of the situation of her sex, the warm aura of mystery that commonly surrounds woman has been reduced to a steely chill.

The Invention of Woman. As Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre's major disciple and friend, Author de Beauvoir denounces the fact that much of mankind draws spiritual nourishment from myth, religion, legend and unthinking optimism. Man, argues the existentialist, must be more than a mere passive "being." He must be an "existent," i.e., one who holdsly accepts the mortality of body & soul but nonetheless resolves to pit his courage (his only weapon) against the cruel reality of life & death.

"Male-man," argues Simone de Beauvoir, is relatively lucky. He has raised himself by the bootstraps from the gutter of nonentity to the dignity of "human being"; he may, at will transcend even this and rise to the stature of an "existent." But woman's uplift has barely begun. Far from being an existent, she is not even a human being yet. She is a "lie" and



Author de Beauvoir—Black Star
Weight: 2¾ lbs.

a "treason" to her own reality, because she is "in large part man's invention." Her plight in a man-made world is summed up in two of Author de Beauvoir's characteristically sweeping statements: 1) "The most sympathetic of men never fully comprehend woman's concrete situation," and 2) "The most mediocre of males feels himself a demigod as compared with women."

"One is not born, but rather becomes, a woman . . . It is civilization . . . that produces this creature, intermediate between male and eunuch . . ." From childhood she is "fated . . . to be the passive prey of man," to awake in him "an unknown being whom he recognizes with pride as himself." What man dreads above all, Author de Beauvoir believes, is woman's ceasing to be his most priceless "idea" and becoming very much like himself. For this reason, he never pries into the recesses of her mind; it might give her the notion that she has a mind. On the other hand, there is no tribute he will not pay to what he considers her finest qualities—of which "renunciation" is the one he loves best.

The Building of Brotherhood. As these samples show, Author de Beauvoir knows how to take a bead on a man and bring him down like a sack of hypocrisy. More's the pity that she writes pages of nonsensical epigrams over her bleeding targets. The chip on her shoulder makes her believe that every man is as autocratic as a Turk and every female as malleable as a slave. Many of her protestations would strike even the inmates of a harem as being behind the times.

Contraception, legal abortion, easier divorce are the foundations on which Author de Beauvoir hopes to build the "real" woman. The structure—which is to bring about "brotherhood" between men & women—will rise the sooner if men will only stop chanting about the wonder of their works.

* As translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald.

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the TIME News Quiz

(THIS TEST COVERS THE PERIOD NOVEMBER 1952 TO FEBRUARY 1953)

Prepared by The Editors of TIME in collaboration with
Alvin C. Eurich and Elmo C. Wilson

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This test is to help TIME readers and their friends check their knowledge of current affairs. In recording answers, you needn't mark opposite the questions. Use one of the answer sheets printed with the test: sheets for four persons are provided. After taking the test, check your replies against the correct answers printed on the last page of the test, entering the number of right answers as your score on the answer sheet.

FIVE CHOICES

For most of the 105 test questions, five possible answers are given. You are to select the correct answer and put its number on the answer sheet next to the number of that question. Example:

0. Russia's boss is:
1. Kerenisky. 3. Stalin. 5. Stakhanov.
2. Lenin. 4. Trotsky.

Stalin, of course, is the correct answer. Since this question is numbered 0, the number 3—standing for Stalin—has been placed at the right of 0 on the answer sheet.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Ring in the New

1. In the biggest vote in U.S. history, Dwight D. Eisenhower was elected President in a popular majority of:



- 1 52%
2 55%
3 59%
4 61%
5 73%

2. Some election races were close. When the final counts were in, *all but one* of these were true:

1. Dennis Chavez beat Pat Hurley.
2. Henry Cabot Lodge lost to John Kennedy.
3. Sonny Williams lost to Fred M. Alger.
4. William Jenner won over Henry Schricker.
5. Christian Herter beat Paul A. Dever.

3. En route home from Korea, Ike asked for a meeting with MacArthur, who had:



1. Offered to return to active service.
2. Refused to head the Joint Chiefs of Staff.
3. Accepted the N.A.M. presidency.

4. Hinted he had a plan to end the war.
5. Threatened to write a book about U.S. failures in the Pacific.

4. In one of his last official acts, Truman presented Congress with a \$78.6 billion budget:

1. More than his administration had ever spent in one year.
2. More than half the national debt.
3. More than the U.S. ever spent in one year.
4. Less than the Republicans would like to spend.
5. Low enough to permit a tax cut while balancing the budget.



5. "War has changed its . . . dimension," said Truman in his State of the Union message, referring to:

1. Britain's A-bomb.
2. A huge new naval base.
3. "Antiquated" aircraft carriers.
4. A grounded flying saucer.
5. The hydrogen bomb.

6. Ike, in *his* State of the Union message, spoke of "a new, positive foreign policy," announced that:

1. U.S. military aid to Europe would halt at once.
2. The Seventh Fleet would stop sheltering Red China.
3. All his talks would open with prayer.
4. U.S. troops would be used in Indo-China.
5. He would abide strictly by the Yalta pact.

7. Richard Nixon said that the nickname Veep:

1. Had become a badge of dishonor.
2. Was one he would welcome.
3. Would make him sound too old.
4. Made no sense in foreign tongues.
5. Should be retired with the man, like the numerals of great football players.

8. Because of his stock holdings, quick approval of Charles Erwin Wilson as Defense Secretary was blocked by:

1. U.S. law.
2. A coalition of Democrats and Southern Republicans.
3. A split between Ike and Taft forces.
4. A late-hour directive from outgoing President Truman.
5. A 90-year-old Supreme Court decision.



The 83rd Congress

9. Republicans had bare control of both Houses. The Senate split, 48-47, and one who brought a chair to "sit in the middle of the aisle":

1. James Kem. 4. W. Stuart Symington.
2. Harry Cain. 5. Wayne Morse.
3. Alben Barkley.

10. Back again as Speaker of the House, a position he lost four years ago, was:

1. Charles Halleck. 4. Joe Martin.
2. Sam Rayburn. 5. Styles Bridges.
3. Daniel Reed.

11. Of 1,000 bills dropped into the hopper as the House opened, No. 1 went to a measure:

1. Giving Ike a \$50,000 tax exemption.
2. To improve rivers and harbors.
3. To cut individual income taxes an average of 11%.
4. To repeal the excess-profits tax.
5. Cutting Truman's \$7.5 billion foreign-aid request.



12. After a threatened opening-day tussle in the Senate, a bipartisan vote of 70 to 21 put aside an effort to:

1. Table the tideland oil question.
2. Give Adlai Stevenson an unofficial voice in Senate debates.
3. Do away with filibusters.
4. End price and wage controls.
5. Appoint Homer Ferguson assistant floor leader.

Business & Finance

13. The Williston Basin moved into the news as the site of:

1. A mammoth new H-bomb plant.
2. The country's biggest new oil discoveries.
3. The nation's ideal location for industry.
4. Destructive crop-destroying floods.
5. The southern terminal of the Alcan highway.

14. In one of the most harrowing scripts since *The Great Train Robbery*, the tangled affairs of RKO Pictures recently featured *all but one* of these episodes:

1. A Chicago syndicate gained majority stock control.
2. A group of small stockholders demanded a temporary receiver.
3. Howard Hughes moved back into control.
4. Hughes put up his film, *The Outlaw*, as a sale hinder.
5. Atlas Corporation's Floyd Odom considered buying back control.



15. "Clearly [Karl] Marx didn't know all the Engles," declared Ben Fairless. Under capitalism, he said, the employees of U.S. Steel:

1. Could buy control of the company.
2. Had no inherent right to strike.
3. Were no different from medieval serfs.
4. Were better Communists than Murk himself.
5. Were the last bulwark of unorganized labor.



16. Industry representatives on the Wage Stabilization Board walked out when Truman awarded an increase of \$1.90 a day to the:

1. Auto workers. 3. Soft-coal miners.
2. Civil Service employees. 4. Bus drivers.
5. Textile workers.



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Phys Quiz



17. John Foster Dulles



18. Herbert Brownell Jr.



19. Ezra Benson.



20. Martin Durkin.



21. Oveta Culp Hobby.



22. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr.



23. Harold E. Stassen.



24. George Humphrey.



25. Arthur Summerfield.



26. Ivy Baker Priest.

Pictured at left are ten men and women in Ike's official family. From the 14 titles or symbols below, select the one which applies to each person and write the number on the answer sheet.

1. Federal Security Administrator.

2. U.N.

3. Secretary of Commerce.

4.

5. Assistant to the President.

6.

7. Secretary of the Interior.

8.

9. Secretary of the Treasury.

10.

11. Mutual Security Director.

12.

13. Attorney General.

14. Treasurer of the U.S.

Legal & Otherwise

27. Japanese fried shrimp, Buddhist chants and a hoard of silver figured in the testimony of John Provoo, charged with:

1. Swindling Japanese war prisoners.
2. Dockside racketeering.
3. Treason during wartime.
4. Refusing to pay his restaurant bill.
5. Piracy.

28. The Government finally opened its antitrust suit designed to force the Du Ponts to:

1. License other firms to make their gunpowder.
2. Stop monopolizing aluminum production.
3. Divide their empire six ways.
4. Sell their G.M. and U.S. Rubber stock.
5. Release their nylon patents.

29. At year's end, the Supreme Court was asked to find a legal solution for this sociological problem:

1. Conflicting state divorce laws.
2. Child labor.
3. Ownership of offshore oil deposits.
4. Segregation of Negro school children.
5. Refusal to testify on television.

30. "The defendants . . . assert that they seek justice, not mercy. What they seek, they have attained." So stated Judge Irving Kaufman in refusing to reduce the sentence of:



1. The Communist
2. Harry Gold and Morton Sobell.
3. Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.
4. Congressmen who misused campaign funds.
5. Kefauver witnesses jailed for contempt.

31. Murder, larceny, bribery and sudden death became part of the testimony in the latest hearings before the New York State Crime Commission on:

1. Teen-age drug addiction.
2. Manhattan's call-girl racket.
3. Waterfront corruption.
4. Jewel thefts on Park Avenue.
5. Bootlegging.

INTERNATIONAL & FOREIGN

The Talking Peace

32. Elected President of the 1952 U.N. General Assembly was Canada's:

1. Douglas Abbott.
2. Louis St. Laurent.
3. Maurice Rich.
4. Lester Pearson.
5. C. D. Howe.

33. Norway's Trygve Lie resigned as U.N. Secretary-General, gave as his reason:

1. Abraham Feller's suicide.
2. The Anglo-American split.
3. His fear that his unpopularity with the Russians hampered world peace.
4. A job with Radio Free Europe.
5. U.S. Senate loyalty investigations.



34. The U.N. witnessed an unfamiliar sight—a U.S.-British rift over:

1. Selection of Lie's successor.
2. Admission of Spain.
3. India's prisoner-of-war proposal.
4. The South African issue.
5. India-Pakistan relations.

● Putting ideas to work through Chemical Engineering

Glass roots grow deep

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Bottles, jars, and many other glassware articles originate deep down in Wyoming—1500 feet below the earth's surface. Here lies the greatest known deposit of trona ore—a basic source of soda ash, one of the essential ingredients in glass making. As one of industry's most important chemicals, millions of tons of soda ash are required each year, not only for glass but in making soap, aluminum, pulp and paper—in refining and processing petroleum, sugar, textiles—and for scores of other industrial uses.

The mining and refining of this vast trona deposit is a project of Intermountain Chemical Company, operated by FMC's Westvaco Chemical Division. This huge development is another example of how FMC puts ideas to work through engineering and chemistry.

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1963-1953



50th Anniversary

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35. After lawyers advised the secretariat to fire U.S. Communists, a Federal grand jury announced:

1. Almost all U.N. workers were disloyal.
2. Lie did not have authority to do so.
3. The Fifth Amendment protects U.N. employees from being fired.
4. The U.N. must screen all employees for loyalty to their "host country."
5. The State Department had given some disloyal U.N. officials "a clean bill of health."

36. Many of NATO's 14 member nations were having money troubles, reduced arms goals on the premise that:

1. The danger of Soviet attack is "remote and receding."
2. They have large reserve forces.
3. The U.S. is not supplying enough tanks.
4. They would "wait and see what Eisenhower will do."
5. Several more countries may join NATO.



37. Hopes for a one-uniform European Army took a critical turn. These two leaders asked for a watered-down EDC:



1. Pinay and de Gasperi.
2. Khrushchev and Molotov.
3. Eisenhower and Dulles.
4. Adenauer and Mover.
5. De Gasperi and Schuman.

38. But this country was willing to give up important sovereign rights for a United States of Europe:

1. Belgium.
2. Germany.
3. Sweden.
4. Norway.
5. The Netherlands.

The Shooting Wars

39. Entering the seventh year of war in Indo-China, French and Viet Nam soldiers counted their hard-won gains over the Viet Minh Communists led by:

1. Nam Il.
2. Kim Il Sung.
3. Nicolai A. Vozneskiy.
4. Vo Nguyen Giap.
5. Mao Tse-tung.



40. Named to succeed General James A. Van Fleet in Korea:

1. General J. Lawton Collins.
2. Lieut. General Maxwell D. Taylor.
3. Major John Eisenhower.
4. General Mark Clark.
5. Lieut. General Anthony C. McAuliffe.

41. In a game called "Stop the Music," U.S. artillerymen in Korea were:

1. Directing fire at Red machine-gun nests.
2. Lobbing shells toward enemy propaganda loudspeakers.
3. Disproving claims of Marine units on the line.
4. Eliminating futile night-firing.
5. Guessing titles of World War II tunes at camp shows.



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42. With Red guerrillas on the run, Sir Gerald Templer could concentrate on social problems in:



1. Formosa.
2. Hong Kong.
3. Bangalore.
4. Sumatra.
5. Malaya.

Around the Globe

43. In Czechoslovakia, confession of "Jewish bourgeois nationalism" pointed a new trend in Iron Curtain trials. Among the defendants hanged:

1. Klement Gottwald.
2. Jan Sverma
3. Matyas Rakosi
4. Anna Pauker
5. Rudolf Slansky.



44. Devastating floods struck Britain and the Low Countries, their waters lapping at suburbs of:

1. Paris.
2. Copenhagen.
3. London.
4. Oslo.
5. Marseille.

45. This picture of Britain's monarch became:



1. A cause célèbre in Commons
2. An overnight hit with her subjects.
3. Moscow's favorite pin-up.
4. A spur to speculation about her third child.

5. A symbol of the resurgent power of monarchy.

The Hemisphere

46. In Venezuela, Junta Boss Pérez Jiménez clamped a censorship on election returns after early reports showed:

1. A write-in party was far ahead
2. He was suffering a stunning defeat
3. Communists were far in the lead.
4. Most ballots had been cast blank
5. His plurality was too close for comfort.



47. A group of Canadian government and business leaders visited nine Latin American countries to:

1. Help federate the British West Indies.
2. Draw up a treaty exchanging oil for votes.
3. Operate government seized plants.
4. "Present a picture of Canada's industrial growth."
5. Survey the growth of dictatorships.

48. Amalia Ledon's long campaign bore fruit when Mexico's new President sent Congress a constitutional amendment to:



1. Grant full citizenship rights to women etc.
2. Deport William O'Dwyer
3. Prohibit "fixing" bulls' horns.
4. Turn over the government oil monopoly to private industry.

5. Build new sewers for Mexico City.

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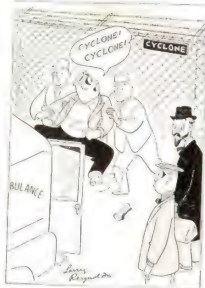


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UNITED STATES STEEL

SOME TROUBLY SPOTS



Directions: The statements below describe recent news developments in nine of the 15 countries pin-pointed on the map. Write on the answer sheet the map number which correctly locates the event described in each statement.

49. While some whites rushed to help tornado victims in a Negro shantytown here, other whites were trying blacks on a charge of advocating racial equality.

50. This country's 30,000 whites feared for their lives, even after 13,000 Kikuyu tribesmen had been rounded up as suspected members of the Mau Mau.

51. While the U.N. discussed independence for this country, the assassination of a nationalist leader set off riots and a three-day strike.

52. A trouble spot cleared somewhat when Naguib agreed that people of this country should vote whether to join Egypt or remain independent.

53. Off the coast of this country, a band of hooded pirates boarded a Dutch

ship and took everything that could be moved, including \$100,000 worth of cigarettes.

54. One bright spot: the head of this country's government, first Negro Prime Minister in any British colony, made his first official call this month on the popularly-elected leaders of nearby Liberia.

55. Tough American oil drillers began quitting their jobs here when the King banned all imports of intoxicating liquors.

56. Fist-swinging free-for-alls punctuated debates on an electoral reform bill, finally passed in this country.

57. Aided by U.N., this Arab country planned to fight extremist agitation in refugee camps with a \$30 million reclamation project.

ORIT

Within the last few months, death came to many noted men and women. For each question below two correct answers are possible. Write in either name.

58. In November two great labor leaders died—the heads of C.I.O. and A.F.L. Name one.

59. Italy lost two famous citizens. Name either the 1919 "Big Four" statesman—or the philosopher Mussolini called "the one man in all Italy whom I fear."



60. Of the women whose deaths made headlines, one was world-renowned for her treatment of polio, another for her treatment of royalty. Name one.



61. Death claimed the first President of a new nation—as well as the Australian statesman who once had his secretary tell reporters, "As soon as he's died, he'll notify the press." Name one.

OTHER EVENTS

Art and Entertainment

62. His unflinching gusto for life's beer & beef marks the latest work of Anglo-Irish author:



1. Joyce Cary—*Prisoner of Grace*.
2. Evelyn Waugh—*Men at Arms*.
3. Barnaby Conrad—*Matador*.
4. Aldous Huxley—*The Devils of Loudun*.
5. Stephen Potter—*One-Upmanship*.

63. Hollywood's "characters" were in for some first-class competition when:

1. Bertrand Russell moved in with his new bride.
2. Edith Sitwell set out to write a screen play.
3. Carl Sandburg arrived to film his autobiography.
4. Sidney Franklin opened a West Coast school for bullfighters.
5. Werner von Braun picked Hollywood for rocket tests.

64. In *Moulin Rouge*, José Ferrer plays the role of tormented French painter:



1. Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec.
2. Vincent Van Gogh.
3. Arthur Rimbaud.
4. Le Petit Abner.
5. Maurice Utrillo.

CARPET-CRAFT



Rope—The Unseen Workman

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"In producing velvet carpets," explains H. Stanley Worthington, vice-president in charge of operations for Alexander Smith's carpet division, "the pile is formed by weaving yarns over wires, the size of which determines the pile height. The wire carriage which inserts and pulls out these pile wires is pulled back and

forth by rope up to 58 times a minute. Naturally, this places great strain and wear on the rope. The fiber rope we used previously lasted only four weeks."

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65. For his first film in five years, Charles Chaplin picked a new leading lady to share the *Limelight*:



1. Greta O'Neill.
2. Marilyn Monroe
3. Claire Bloom.
4. Leslie Caron.
5. Shirley Booth.

66. *Forbidden Games* won critics' plaudits for the perceptive way:

1. Julie Harris plays an adolescent.
2. It looks at war through the eyes of a child.
3. Alec Guinness spoofs the "climber."
4. It satirizes TV giveaway shows.
5. It captures the stress of supersonic flight.

67. Maurice Evans plays a dinner-jacketed villain in Broadway's thriller:

1. *The Deep Blue Sea*.
2. *The Seven Year Itch*.
3. *John Brown's Body*.
4. *Dial "M" for Murder*.
5. *The Children's Hour*.



68. Paintings by Hasan Kaptan created a stir among Manhattan critics. The artist:

1. Is a ten-year-old Turk.
2. Was Hitler's favorite painter.
3. Is the dictator of Syria.
4. Painted them with his toes.
5. Is blind.

69. When art experts X-rayed da Caravaggio's *The Martyrdom of St. Matthew*, they found:

1. Two earlier versions beneath.
2. Plans for Pompadour's "Petit Chateau."
3. It was the work of da Vinci.
4. A portrait of Napoleon's fiancée, Désirée.
5. Sketches for the 1541 Martin Luther Bible.

70. The Los Angeles Chamber Symphony Orchestra presented the world premiere of a *Cantata* conducted by its composer:



1. Igor Stravinsky.
2. Eugene Ormandy.
3. Leonard Bernstein.
4. Arturo Toscanini.
5. Aaron Copland.

71. On the 25th anniversary of his debut at Harlem's Cotton Club, jazz fans paid tribute to Negro bandleader:

1. Fats Waller.
2. Cab Calloway.
3. Duke Ellington.
4. Fletcher Henderson.
5. Albert Ammons.

72. The Metropolitan's Bing gave the season a bang by doing all but one of these:

1. Restyling Verdi's *Force of Destiny*.
2. Signing a new three year contract.
3. Telecasting opera to movie houses.
4. Lining up Hollywood's *Figaro*.
5. Commissioning the Met's first La Bohème in English.



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73. "Man, it wasn't that chick's fault. Because that chick tried," was the comment on his marriage break-up by:

1. Errol Flynn
2. Franchot Tone
3. Johnnie Ray
4. Mickey Rooney
5. Billy Eckstine



Radio & Television

74. At Denver's Colorado General Hospital, TV cameras let the general public in on:



1. An appendectomy.
2. Plastic surgery.
3. A Caesarean delivery
4. The nurses' training program
5. A tonsillectomy

75. Playwright George S. Kaufman was publicly fired for saying over the air four days before Christmas, "Let's make this one program on which nobody sings:

1. *White Christmas*
2. *Adelste Fideles*
3. *Silent Night*
4. *Happy Christmas*
5. *I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus*



SPELL IT OUT

The first letter of each correct answer below spells out a ten-letter word that has recently come into the news. You get one point for each answer and one for the meaning of the word.

76. Grayson Kirk succeeds Ike as president of this university.

77. TV program produced by the Ford Foundation

78. Thanks to his wife, he is Air Marshal, Field Marshal and Admiral.

79. She had her real-life and her TV baby the same day. (First name)

80. Appointed Assistant to the President.

81. British visits to old friends: Parnell, Eisenhower, Truman.

82. "My insight is sore," he commented on the issue of U.N. Commentaries

83. Egypt's strongman.

84. Senator unanimously elected majority leader.

85. Ship on which Ike held top-level conferences in the Pacific.

86. The word spelled out is:

1. The Russian plan for industrialization.
2. A common trap for ecologists had this the extract.
3. Mountain mountain, subject of a new book.
4. Popular Japanese parball game.
5. Salvador Dali's painting of his wife.



CAN YOU GUESS THE ANSWERS?

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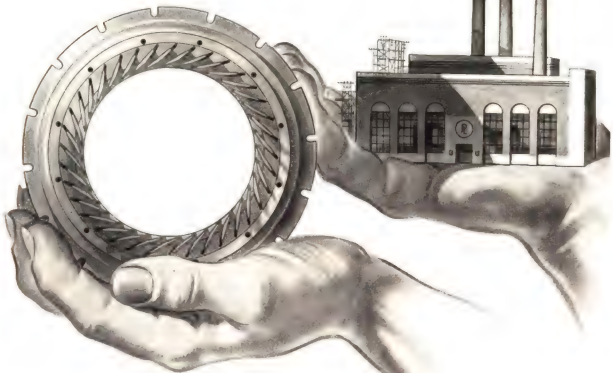
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Science & Medicine

87. "Hi-fi" addicts were enthused over binaural sound, which gives something like the same effect to the ear that the eye gets from:



1. Color TV.
2. A telescope.
3. The stereoscope.
4. Blinders.
5. Polaroid glasses.

88. An ex-G.I. in Denmark got a volley of publicity when the press latched on to a letter telling the folks:

1. He had married his housekeeper.
2. He had become a woman.
3. Copenhagen was ruled by Communists.
4. He was Hamlet reincarnated.
5. He had established a fund for hermaphrodites.

89. RCA demonstrated new applications for the germanium transistor, which can be used in place of:

1. Vinylite.
2. Vacuum tubes.
3. Dramamine.
4. 45 r.p.m. transformers.
5. The coaxial cable.

90. Rodney Dee and Roger Lee Brodie became the year's most famous twins. Reason:

1. They talked at three months.
2. They discovered a new polio vaccine.
3. A delicate operation severed their joined skulls.
4. They were the first infants to survive frontal lobotomy.
5. They were revived by the mechanical heart.

91. The tenth anniversary of the first chain reaction in an atomic pile was celebrated at:

1. The Brookhaven Laboratory.
2. Los Alamos.
3. The University of Chicago.
4. Bikini.
5. M.I.T.



92. Newest wrinkle in aircraft carriers, designed to prevent landing planes from crashing into others parked on the deck, is:

1. The angled deck.
2. An elastic wall.
3. Smaller pilots.
4. The feathered prop.
5. A radar barrier.

Press

93. Manhattan's left-wing *Daily Compass*, lineal descendant of *PM*:

1. Doubled its circulation.
2. Supported Eisenhower.
3. Went out of business.
4. Was closed by the police.
5. Was struck by newsdealers.

94. And two right-wing magazines were having their troubles:

1. The *American Mercury* and the *Freeman*.
2. *Harper's* and *The Atlantic*.
3. *The New Yorker* and *The Reporter*.
4. *Punch* and *Judy*.
5. *Harper's* and *Scribner's*.

95. The American Newspaper Publishers Association filed a brief with the U.S. Supreme Court in an effort to end "bogus":

1. Taxing newspapers by circulation.
2. Duplicate type, set when mats are used.
3. Restricting use of newboys.
4. "Stealing" space by publicity men.
5. Radio stations which get their flashes from newspapers.

Religion and Education

96. "I never once saw a pin-up picture. But I saw hundreds of Bibles," was the comment of this religious leader who, like Cardinal Spellman, spent Christmas in Korea:

1. Billy Graham.
2. Henry Blossie Coffin.
3. Fulton J. Sheen.
4. Ralph Sockman.
5. Frank Buchman.

97. Harvard announced that Dr. James B. Conant would become president emeritus during his leave to:

1. Serve as U.S. High Commissioner for Germany.
2. Head a special H-bomb committee.
3. Be Ambassador to France.
4. Take it easy in the Virgin Islands.
5. Work on psychological warfare.



98. Last month red hats were awarded to 24 new cardinals—including one American, ex-Wall Streeter:

1. Joseph Stritch.
2. Richard J. Cushing.
3. John Francis O'Hara.
4. Joseph E. Ritter.
5. James Francis McIntyre.



Sports

99. After trouncing U.S. Davis Cuppers Seixas and Trabert, Australia's Sedgman and McGregor:

1. Lost to the French team.
2. Went through to victory over Britain.
3. Retired from tennis.
4. Applied for U.S. citizenship.
5. Turned professional.

100. The ring lost one of its greatest fighting machines when Sugar Ray Robinson quit to become a:

1. Stock broker.
2. Tap dancer.
3. Congressman.
4. Violinist.
5. Cop.



101. He ended the longest playing career in the National Football League, begun 16 years ago with the remark "Mah feet hurt":

1. Sammy Baugh.
2. Davy O'Brien.
3. Norman Van Brocklin.
4. Pat Harder.
5. Otto Graham.



102. Most football coaches were delighted when the N.C.A.A. ended an era by abolishing:

1. Subsidization of players.
2. Post-season games.
3. The free substitution rule.
4. The flying tackle.
5. White footballs.

WHO WON WHAT

103. A 46-year-old record fell when Tony DeSpirito:

1. Pole-vaulted 16 feet 2 inches.
2. Ran the mile in 4 minutes, 3.1 seconds.
3. Sat on top of a pole for 39 days.
4. Scored three touchdowns in the Rose Bowl.
5. Rode more horses to victory than any jockey in a single year.

Cut along dotted lines to get four individual answer sheets

ANSWER SHEET

SCORE

0...3			
NATIONAL AFFAIRS	14	28	37
1	15	29	38
2	16	30	39
3	17	31	40
4	18	32	41
5	19	INTER-NATIONAL	42
6	20	&	43
7	21	FOREIGN	44
8	22		45
9	23	32	46
10	24	33	47
11	25	34	48
12	26	35	49
13	27	36	49

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11	25	34	48
12	26	35	49
13	27	36	49

Cut along dotted lines to get
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ANSWER SHEET

CONTINUED

50	63	78	93
51	64	79	94
52	65	80	95
53	66	81	96
54	67	82	97
55	68	83	98
56	69	84	99
57	70	85	100
58	71	86	101
59	72	87	102
60	73	88	103
61	74	89	104
OTHER	75	90	105
EVENTS	76	91	106
62	77	92	107

ANSWER SHEET

CONTINUED

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52	65	80	95
53	66	81	96
54	67	82	97
55	68	83	98
56	69	84	99
57	70	85	100
58	71	86	101
59	72	87	102
60	73	88	103
61	74	89	104
OTHER	75	90	105
EVENTS	76	91	106
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56	69	84	99
57	70	85	100
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59	72	87	102
60	73	88	103
61	74	89	104
OTHER	75	90	105
EVENTS	76	91	106
62	77	92	107

104. The 1952 Nobel Prize in medicine was granted to Microbiologist Selman Waksman for his discovery of:

1. Streptomycin.
2. Penicillin.
3. Chlorophyll.
4. Aureomycin.
5. ACTH.



105. The Greatest Show on Earth was top money-maker—but Manhattan critics picked as best film of 1952:

1. Come Back, Little Sheba.
2. Hans Christian Andersen.
3. High Noon.
4. Breaking The Sound Barrier.
5. The Quiet Man.



JUST FOR FUN



Three of the recent TIME cover personalities shown here are identified by the three groups of statements below. No score for this section, but just for fun, see if you can write in the correct name on the first clue. If not, read the second clue. And don't feel too bad if you have to go on to the third.

1. A. The second of five children, his father said of him: "He'll be a burden all his life."
B. His teaching at the University of Chicago was an experience that neither he nor Chicago was ever to forget.
C. Three-time Pulitzer Prize-winning author.

2. A. At ten he announced to his father, "I was made not to obey, but to command."
B. Lonely and shaken by his wife's illness, he was grateful when the people of his town invited him to be mayor.

- C. He brought France its first right-center government since the war.
3. A. Bright, but no student, she was relieved when she could turn to the real business of her young life: ruling her string of beaux.
B. She has never attempted to play the grande dame—though she has had Clement Attlee for her dinner partner, lunched with Queen Juliana, met King Haakon in Oslo.
C. She is fondly expected to touch off a social renaissance and lend a new warmth to the affairs of the presidency.

ANSWERS & SCORES

The correct answers to the 105 questions in the News Quiz are printed below. You can rate yourself by comparing your score with the scale:

- Below 50 — Poorly informed
51-65 — Not well-informed
66-80 — Somewhat well-informed
81-95 — Well-informed
96-105 — Very well-informed

JUST FOR FUN

1. Wilder	2. Phony	3. Mantle
4. Wilder	5. Phony	6. Mantle
7. Wilder	8. Phony	9. Mantle
10. Wilder	11. Phony	12. Mantle
13. Wilder	14. Phony	15. Mantle
16. Wilder	17. Phony	18. Mantle
19. Wilder	20. Phony	21. Mantle
22. Wilder	23. Phony	24. Mantle
25. Wilder	26. Phony	27. Mantle
28. Wilder	29. Phony	30. Mantle
31. Wilder	32. Phony	33. Mantle
34. Wilder	35. Phony	36. Mantle
37. Wilder	38. Phony	39. Mantle
40. Wilder	41. Phony	42. Mantle
43. Wilder	44. Phony	45. Mantle
46. Wilder	47. Phony	48. Mantle
49. Wilder	50. Phony	51. Mantle
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67. Wilder	68. Phony	69. Mantle
70. Wilder	71. Phony	72. Mantle
73. Wilder	74. Phony	75. Mantle
76. Wilder	77. Phony	78. Mantle
79. Wilder	80. Phony	81. Mantle
82. Wilder	83. Phony	84. Mantle
85. Wilder	86. Phony	87. Mantle
88. Wilder	89. Phony	90. Mantle
91. Wilder	92. Phony	93. Mantle
94. Wilder	95. Phony	96. Mantle
97. Wilder	98. Phony	99. Mantle
100. Wilder	101. Phony	102. Mantle
103. Wilder	104. Phony	105. Mantle

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